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FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

ON THE

DANGERS AND DUTIES OF MEN OF LETTERS;

AN ADDRESS, PRONOUNCED BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF

Φ B K,

ON THURSDAY, AUGUST 31st, 1809.

BY J. S. BUCKMINSTER.

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It is not without reluctance, my friends, that I appear before you this morning; not because I feel any distrust of your candour, but because I find it so difficult to offer you any thing, which shall be worthy of your candour. The orator, on this occasion, as he has no definite object, is not restrained in the choice of his topicks. This appears indeed to be a privilege; but others, I doubt not, as well as myself, have found themselves embarrassed by the liberty of choosing without direction, and their spirits exhausted by indecision before the thoughts were fixed, as they were at last, by necessity.

When I look round, however, on those whom I am called to address, and find them to be men with whom learning is at least in esteem; men too, whose mutual friendships, as they commenced on classick ground, will always preserve, I trust, something of the raciness of their origin, I should think myself unfaithful to this occasion, and to the character of the audience, if I were to choose any other subject, than that which is common to us as scholars. For, however different our professions, opposite our connections, wide our opinions, or uncertain our destinies in life, in this we agree, that letters have been our study, perhaps our delight. By these we are to live; and by these too, *si qua fata aspera sinant!* we are to be remembered. In your company, then, I have no inclination to stray beyond the gardens

of the academy, or within the noise of the city and the forum.

Is there a man who now hears me, who would not rather belong to an enlightened and virtuous community, than to the mightiest empire of the world distinguished only by its vastness? If there is, let him cast his eye along the records of states. What do we now know of the vast unlettered empires of the east? The far extended conquests of the Assyrian hardly detain us a moment in the annals of the world, while the little state of Athens will forever be the delight of the historian and the pride of letters; preserving by the genius of her writers the only remembrance of the barbarian powers which overwhelmed her. To come down to our own times; who would not rather have been a citizen of the free and polished republick of Geneva, than to wander a prince in the vast dominions of the Czar, or bask in the beams of the present emperour of a desolated continent.

In the usual course of national aggrandizement, it is almost certain, that those of you, who shall attain to old age, will find yourselves the citizens of an empire unparalleled in extent; but is it probable, that you will have the honour of belonging to a nation of men of letters? The review of our past literary progress does not authorize very lofty expectations, neither does it leave us entirely without hope.

It is our lot to have been born in an age of tremendous revolution; and the world is yet covered with the wrecks of its ancient glory, especially of its literary renown. The fury of that storm, which rose in France, is passed and spent, but its effects have been felt through the whole system of liberal education. The foul spirit of innovation and sophistry has been seen wandering in the very groves of the Lyceum, and is not yet completely exorcised, though the spell is broken. When we look back to the records of our learning before the American revolution, we find, or think we find, (at least in New England) more accomplished scholars than we have since produced; men, who conversed more familiarly than their children with the mighty dead; men, who felt more than we do the charm of classical accomplishments; men, in short, who had not learned to be ashamed of being often found drinking at the wells of antiquity*. But so greatly have our habits of thinking been disturbed by the revolutions of the last thirty years, that the progress of our education, and, of course, the character of our learning have not a little suffered. It is true, we have shared the detriment with Europe; but the effect upon us, though perhaps

* Ch. Justice Pratt, Jas. Otis, Prof. Sewall, Bowdoin, Winthrop, Chauncy, perhaps from the natural effect of distance, appear to us to have been eminent scholars. Whether in New England we have since produced their superiours, *docti judicent*. There are now living a few men, who were educated before the revolution, whom we should be proud, though not perhaps at liberty, to name. We can only wish, that they may long animate us by their living example, rather than by their remembrance.

temporary, has been peculiarly extensive and unfortunate, because our government and our habits were in some degree unsettled.

In France † and in some other countries of Europe, what literature has lost seems to be compensated by the progress of

† We have lately seen a discourse of M. Dacier, Secretaire perpetuel de la Classe d'Histoire & de Literature ancienne, de l'Institut, delivered 20th February, 1808, before the Emperour, on presenting a report of the progress of literature in France during the last twenty years. This class of the Institute, which comprises very nearly the same objects with the ancient Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, and to which its remaining members have been transferred, was charged by the Emperour with an enquiry into this subject, preparatory to some steps, which will be taken to revive these studies. The following extracts are made here; the *first*, because it gives a very accurate definition of the different objects and value of literature and of physical science; the *others*, because they contain the deliberate result of the inquiries of a body of men of letters on the present state of French learning.

"Si les sciences de calcul et d'observation ajoutent à nos jouissances physiques, et nous en font espérer de nouvelles pour l'avenir, les sciences morales exercent leur empire sur l'ame; elles l'éclairent, la dirigent, la soutiennent, l'élèvent ou la tempèrent; elles avancent ou conservent la civilisation; elles apprennent à l'homme à se connoître lui-même, et lui donnent dans tous les temps, dans tous les lieux, dans toutes les conditions, ce bonheur dont les autres sciences ne peuvent lui promettre que des moyens." Page 5.

"Votre Majesté verra que, malgré les troubles politiques qui ont agité la France, elle n'est, jusqu'à présent, restée en arrière dans aucune des branches de la littérature; mais c'est avec un sentiment pénible que nous sommes forcés de lui faire apercevoir que plusieurs sont menacées d'un anéantissement prochain et presque total. La philologie, qui est la base de toute bonne littérature, et sur laquelle reposent la certitude de l'histoire et la connoissance du passé, qui a répandu tant d'éclat sur l'Académie des belles-lettres que notre classe doit continuer, ne trouve presque plus personne pour la cultiver. Les savans dont les travaux fertilisent encore chaque jour son domaine, restes, pour la plupart, d'une génération qui va disparoître, ne voient croître autour d'eux qu'un trop petit nombre d'hommes qui puissent les remplacer; et cette lumière publique, propre à encourager et à juger leurs travaux, diminue sensiblement de clarté, et son foyer se rétrécit tous les jours de plus en plus. Faire connoître le mal à votre Majesté, c'est s'assurer que votre main puissante saura y appliquer le remède." Page 6, 7.

"Cependant, en France, quelques hommes de lettres continuoient, dans le silence de la solitude, leurs études et leurs travaux; et, dès que les circonstances l'ont permis, on a vu paroître dans les collections de l'Institut un assez grand nombre de notices de manuscrits et de mémoires relatifs à notre histoire du moyen âge et à la diplomatique. Le quatorzième volume du Recueil des historiens de France a été publié par les ordres et sous les auspices du Gouvernement; le quinzième s'imprime, ainsi que le quinzième volume du Recueil des ordonnances des rois de la troisième dynastie francoise. D'autres ouvrages du même genre, qui ont été interrompus, attendent encore, à la vérité, des continuateurs; et nous sommes obligés d'avouer, quoiqu'à regret, à votre Majesté, que nous ne pouvons espérer qu'ils en trouvent tous, à moins qu'un de vos regards puissans ne ranime ce genre d'études dans lequel la France s'est illustrée pendant plus de deux siècles, *et qu'elle paroît aujourd'hui avoir presque entièrement abandonné.*"—Pages 13, 14.

science. In England the trunk of her national learning was so deeply rooted, that it has been swayed only, and not injured by this tempest of reform. It yet retains its vigour, and we doubt not will entirely recover its former direction. But here, the French revolution, immediately succeeding our own, found the minds of men in an unsettled state, and, as you may well imagine, did not help to compose them. Our forms of education were becoming more popular and superficial; the knowledge of antiquity began to be despised; and the hard labour of learning to be dispensed with. Soon the ancient strictness of discipline disappeared; the curriculum of studies was shortened in favour of the impatience or the necessities of candidates for literary honours; the pains of application were derided, and a pernicious notion of equality was introduced, which has not only tainted our sentiments, but impaired our vigour, and crippled our literary eminence.

This secret influence of publick opinion, though not easily described, has been felt and lamented by many of us who were educated in the present generation. We have many steps to recover; and before we shall travel in the suite of the learned in the old world, we have some long strides to make. Our poets and historians, our criticks and orators,* the men of whom posterity are to stand in awe and be instructed are yet to appear among us. The men of letters who are to direct our taste, mould our genius, and inspire our emulation; the men, in fact, whose writings are to be the depositories of our national greatness, have not yet shown themselves to the world. But if we are not mistaken in the signs of the times, the genius of our literature begins to show symptoms of vigour, and to meditate a bolder flight; and the generation which is to succeed us will be formed on better models, and leave a brighter track. The spirit of criticism begins to plume itself, and education, as it assumes a more learned form, will take a higher aim. If we are not misled by our hopes, the dream of ignorance is at least disturbed; and there are signs that the period is approaching, in which it will be said of our own country, *tuus jam* regnat Apollo.

You then, my friends, are destined, I hope, to witness the dawn of our Augustan age, and to contribute to its glory. Whatever may be your place in society, I am confident you will not willingly discard the love of virtue and of knowledge; and it is with this confidence, that I shall now venture to speak to you of some of THE DANGERS AND DUTIES OF MEN OF LETTERS. The subject is copious; and what will now be offered is a mere

* That we have had poets, criticks, and historians, is not denied. Belknap and Minot have furnished us good specimens, and Dr. Holmes valuable materials, for which our future historians will give them credit and thanks. All that is meant here is, that we have not yet produced standards, or models in these departments of literature. We have also now among us men, who want nothing but the discipline of a more thorough education, to be consummate orators, worthy of any age or nation.

essay. If it should be found suitable to this occasion, and to the actual state of our literature, my purpose will be answered.

Every where there are dangers and evils, of which some affect the intellectual improvement, and others are unfavourable to the moral worth of literary men. In this country, especially, it too oftens happens, that the young man, who is to live by his talents, and to make the most of the name of a scholar, is tempted to turn his literary credit to the quickest account, by early making himself of consequence to the people, or rather to some of their factions. From the moment that he is found yielding himself up to their service, or hunting after popular favour, his time, his studies, and his powers yet in their bloom, are all lost to learning. Instead of giving his days and nights to the study of the profound masters of political wisdom, instead of patiently receiving the lessons of history and of practical philosophy, he prematurely takes a part in all the dissensions of the day. His leisure is wasted on the profligate productions of demagogues, and his curiosity bent on the minutiae of local politicks. The consequence is, that his mind is so much dissipated, or his passions disturbed, that the quiet speculations of the scholar can no longer detain him. He hears at a distance the bustle of the Comitia—He rushes out of the grove of Egeria, and Numa and the Muses call after him in vain. It is, perhaps, one of the incurable evils of our constitution of society, that this ambition of immediate notoriety and rapid success is too early excited, and thus the promises of literary excellence are so frequently superseded.

The history of genius is not wanting in examples of powers thus perverted, and passions too early inflamed. If we may go so far back for examples, we find them in Alcibiades and the Gracchi; men educated with all the advantages which Greece and Rome could bestow, and yet lost to every thing but faction. There are no doubt many other instances, but most of them are not now to be recovered from oblivion; for the records of civil dissention, let it be remembered, are not so lasting as those of learning. Here I should be tempted to adduce even the name of Burke, and support myself by the authority of Goldsmith, who ventured early to lament that

> ——— he narrowed his mind,
> And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

But the awful history of our own times has persuaded me to forbear; for of Burke, at least, posterity will never cease to say, *what he gave up to party, he gave to mankind.* The life of Milton, however, is a memorable instance of the temporary degradation of learning. For, notwithstanding the sublime fiction of Gray,* that the loss of his sight was occasioned by the brightness of his celestial visions, it is, alas! nothing but a fiction. Those fine

* Ode on the progress of Poesy, III. 2.

orbs were quenched in the service of a vulgar and usurping faction; and had they not been thus early "closed in endless night," the world, perhaps, would have wanted the Paradise lost, and that master spirit of England have been wasted in more praises of Cromwell and more ribaldry against Salmasius. You, then, who are impatient to take a part in public life, remember, that there is hardly to be found a consummate statesman or warriour in a literary age, who was not himself a man of letters. I will not weary you by an enumeration; but you will instantly call to mind Alexander, the accomplished scholar of Aristotle; Caesar, at the head of Rome, the *deliciae literatorum;* Charlemagne, master of all the science that an ignorant age could afford; Alfred, the philosophical translator of Boethius; and Frederick, who gathered around him the great men of his age, not so much their patron, as their competitor.

On the other hand, there are some finely attempered spirits, who, disgusted at the grossness which belongs to the common contests and occupations of active life, are in danger of entirely relinquishing its real duties in the luxurious leisure of study. In the actual state of the politicks of our country, this opposite temptation has been already felt by many studious minds. The young man, early enamoured of literature, sometimes casts a disdainful glance at the world, and then sinks to repose in the lap of his mistress. He finds it easier to read than to think, and still easier to think than to act. His indisposition increases by indulgence. His learning becomes effeminate. He reads to furnish amusement for his imagination, not to provide materials for intellectual greatness. He passes his time among the muses, it is true; but it is the graces, who mingle in the circle, that engross his attention; and his life, though nominally given to contemplation, is little else than "to sport with Amaryllis in the shade, and play with the tangles of Neaera's hair." He goes to his books, to enjoy a certain mild delirium of the mind, regardless of the claims of society, and of the account, which he must give at last, of his studies and advantages. Whenever he comes out into the world, he thinks it was not made for him; and soon returns in disgust, to seek relief in that employment which has been admirably called the "invisible riot of the mind, that secret prodigality of being, secure from detection, and fearless of reproach*."

The history of letters does not at this moment suggest to me a more fortunate parallel between the effects of active and of inactive learning, than in the well known characters of Cicero and Atticus. Let me hold them up to your observation, not because Cicero was faultless, or Atticus always to blame, but because, like you, they were the citizens of a republick. They lived in an age of learning and of dangers, and acted upon opposite principles, when Rome was to be saved, if saved at all,

* Rambler, No. 89.

by the virtuous energy of her most accomplished minds. If we look now for Atticus, we find him in the quiet of his library, surrounded with his books ; while Cicero was passing through the regular course of publick honours and services, where all the treasures of his mind were at the command of his country. If we follow them, we find Atticus pleasantly wandering among the ruins of Athens, purchasing up statues and antiques ; while Cicero was at home blasting the projects of Cataline, and at the head of the senate, like the tutelary spirit of his country, as the storm was gathering, secretly watching the doubtful movements of Caesar. If we look to the period of the civil wars, we find Atticus always reputed, indeed, to belong to the party of the friends of liberty, yet originally dear to Sylla, and intimate with Clodius, recommending himself to Caesar by his neutrality, courted by Anthony, and connected with Octavius, poorly concealing the epicureanism of his principles under the ornaments of literature and the splendour of his benefactions ; till at last this inoffensive and polished friend of successive usurpers hastens out of life to escape from the pains of a lingering disease. Turn now to Cicero, the only great man at whom Caesar always trembled, the only great man whom falling Rome did *not* fear. Do you tell me, that his hand once offered incense to the dictator? Remember, it was the gift of gratitude only and not of servility ; for the same hand launched its indignation against the infamous Anthony, whose power was more to be dreaded, and whose revenge pursued him till this father of his country gave his head to the executioner without a struggle, for he knew that Rome was no longer to be saved ! If, my friends, you would feel what learning and genius and virtue should aspire to in a day of peril and depravity, when you are tired of the factions of the city, the battles of Caesar, the crimes of the triumvirate, and the splendid court of Augustus, do not go and repose in the easy chair of Atticus, but refresh your virtues and your spirits with the contemplation of Cicero.*

A little observation of the state of knowledge in this country brings to mind the remark of Johnson on the learning of Scot-

* The character of Cicero has seldom been contemplated, as it ought to be, in the whole ; and therefore of late years, especially since the translations of Melmoth, it has become fashionable to talk of his weakness, and even to impeach his integrity. But the true difference between him and Atticus in their political conduct was, that Cicero was mistaken in always attempting to reconcile the contending parties in the state, when he would have done better to maintain by vigorous measures the cause which he approved ; while Atticus was so deliberately or selfishly inactive, that he would not even take the pains to conciliate. They who form their opinions of Atticus only from the panegyrick of Cornelius Nepos, may perhaps be correct ; but even they will esteem him with more or less reserve according to their previous notions of virtue and their habits of life. But there are some reasons for thinking, not only that Cicero understood his character better than we do, but, notwithstanding their long familiarity, esteemed it less. See Oeuvres de St. Real. vol. 1. and his translation of the letters to Atticus, in notis.

land: "that it is like bread in a besieged town, where every one gets a little, but no man a full meal." So it is among us. There is a diffusion of information widely and thinly spread, which serves to content us, rather than to make us ambitious of more. Our scholars are often employed in loose and undirected studies. They read, it is true, but without an object; and lose their time in superficial and unconnected inquiries. Such is the want of leisure in some of our professions, and the necessity of turning our knowledge to immediate account; so defective in many places are our rudiments of education, and so inadequate the provision made for instructers; so insulated are our men of study in this vast territory, and such is, after all, the genius of our government, that we find few who are willing to pass through the long and severe discipline of early application, and still fewer of whom we can say, γηρασκουσι διδασκομενοι. We have yet to form systems of more effectual instruction, and to assign the departments of literary labour, where exertion shall be encouraged by suitable rewards. In the mean while, in this unsettled state of our studies, let us not weaken our powers by feebly grasping at every thing. We have been long enough flying from novelty to novelty, and regaling upon the flowers of literature, till we begin to know *where* learning may be found; it is time *now* to think of making it our own. The most powerful minds, which the world ever knew, have sometimes dissipated their powers in the multiplicity of their pursuits. Gibbon,* in his masterly portrait of Leibnitz, concludes with comparing him to those heroes, "whose empire has been lost in the ambition of universal conquest." If then a mind like his, formed for intellectual supremacy, may suffer by designing more than it can accomplish, or by neglecting to concentrate its powers and pursuits, let us not spend *our* lives in hastily traversing regions of knowledge, which we certainly shall never conquer, and which we may never inhabit, but turn to the patient cultivation of some of the provinces of literature.

The moral defects and faults of temper, to which scholars are exposed, are not peculiar to any country. It is every where the natural tendency of a life of retirement and contemplation, to generate the notion of innocence and moral security; but men of letters should remember, that, in the eye of reason and of christianity, simple unprofitableness is always a crime. They should know too, that there are solitary diseases of the imagination not less fatal to the mind, than the vices of society. He who pollutes his fancy with his books may in fact be more culpable, than he who is seduced into the haunts of debauchery by the force of passion or example. He who by his sober studies only feeds his selfishness or his pride of knowledge may be more to blame, than the pedant or the coxcomb in literature,

* Antiquities of the house of Brunsw. Ch. 1. Sect. 1. Misc. works, vol. iii. 8vo.

though not so ridiculous. That learning, whatever it may be, which lives and dies with the possessor, is more worthless than his wealth, which descends to his posterity; and where the heart remains uncultivated and the affections sluggish, the mere man of curious erudition may stand, indeed, as an object of popular admiration, but he stands like the occasional palaces of ice in the regions of the north, the work of vanity, lighted up with artificial lustre, yet cold, useless, and uninhabited, and soon to pass away without leaving a trace of their existence. You, then, who feel yourselves sinking under the gentle pressure of sloth, or who seek in learned seclusion that moral security, which is the reward only of virtuous resolution, remember, you do not escape from temptations, much less from responsibility by retiring to the repose and silence of your libraries.

I pass over many of the faults of scholars, and what Bacon calls the "peccant humours of learning," such as the love of singularity, contempt for practical wisdom, the weakness of literary vanity, and the disease of pedantry, to warn you against two principal evils, of which one is that alienation of affection, so frequent among men of letters. Their history is too often that of factions and intrigues, of envy and recrimination. The *odium theologicum* has long since become a proverb; and perhaps there are few writers, whose libraries have not at some time been a repository of poisoned darts, and implements of literary warfare. In modern times the licentiousness of criticism has aggravated this evil. The shafts of Apollo, the god of criticism, are as numerous, and often as envenomed as those, which the same god, under a different character, launched among the Greeks at the prayer of Chryses his offended priest. It is fortunate, however, that in the arrows of criticism the smart of the wound is greater than the danger. Authors, jealous of reputation, or conscious of merit, have lost all the influence of their philosophy and all the meekness of their religion under anonymous attack, or in their ardour for repelling it. It is painful to dwell on the animosities of the learned, however just they may sometimes appear; but it is well for us to know, that the last lesson, which great minds learn, is to bear a superiour, or be just to a rival. Even Newton and Leibnitz (and I can go no higher) were alienated and debased by their mutual jealousy. They separated, they accused, they recriminated; and the cool mathematicians of Europe were heated by their quarrels. When we read the works of these two sublime men, we should as soon have expected a collision in the celestial spheres, which they were in the habit of contemplating; and, if they have met in the calm regions of intellectual purity and light, no doubt they are content to leave with posterity their angry dispute about the invention of fluxions, and wonder at the imperfection of terrestial greatness.*

* This dispute is related with the greatest minuteness in the life of Leibnitz, by M. le Chevalier de Jaucourt, prefixed to the edition of the Essais

The other dangerous infirmity of scholars, against which we should be always on our guard, is the indiscriminate imitation of the eminent. There are many, who seek to show their relation to men of genius by exhibiting some kindred deformity. If they know any thing of the history of authors, we find them quoting their authority, and seeking shelter behind their defects; if not, they content themselves with copying the irregularities of some living and contemporary genius. It is so old a fiction that contempt of rules and order is a constituent of genius, that one would think it should have lost its authority. We have had deep philosophers, who would not have been suspected of thinking, except for their occasional absences of mind; and fine spirits, who were thought to resemble Horace, because they could roar a catch, or empty a cask of Falernian. We have had satirists with nothing of Dryden but his vulgarity, and of Churchill but his malice; wits, who got drunk, because Addison was not always sober; lickerish writers in imitation of Sterne; and others foul from the pages of Swift. We have had paradoxes and confessions in the style of Rousseau, without any of his genius, and freethinkers innumerable of the school of Voltaire, who could not afford to be at once wits and christians. In a more harmless way, we have had sterile writers, whose veins would flow only at particular seasons; puny moralists, talking big like Johnson; orators, with nothing, as one may say, of Tully but his wart, and of Demosthenes but his stammer; in short, my friends, we have had enough of "the contortions of the Sybil, without her inspiration."

The infirmities of noble minds are often so consecrated by their greatness, that an unconscious imitation of their peculiarities, which are real defects, may sometimes be pardoned in their admirers. But to copy their vices, or to hunt in their works for those very lines, which, when dying, they would most wish to blot, is a different offence. I know of nothing in literature so unpardonable as this. He who poaches among the labours of the learned only to find what there is polluted in their language, or licentious in their works; he who searches the biography of men of genius to find precedents for his follies, or palliations of his own stupid depravity, can be compared to nothing more strongly than to the man, who should walk through the gallery of antiques, and every day gaze upon the Apollo, the Venus, or the Laocoon, and yet, *proh pudor!* bring away an imagination impressed with nothing but the remembrance that they were naked.

de Theodicée, printed at Amsterdam, 1747, 2 vols. 12mo. a most interesting piece of biography. The writer is very much disposed to give to Leibnitz not only this honour of the invention of the differential calculus, but the credit of behaving the most honourably in the dispute; but this, I believe, is not the general opinion; at least among the English mathematicians.

But I must pursue this subject no further. My friends! you who are now to enter into the world with the fruits of your education here, and you too who have for many years made learning your employment, permit me to remind you, that all our acquisitions are due to that country, which gave us birth, to that society, which protects and encourages us, to those parents and friends, who have aided our progress, and to that religion, which is the strength of our excellence, and which alone promises eternal life and satisfaction to the mind of man panting after truth. Truth, truth is indeed the ultimate object of human study; and though the pleasure of learning is often in itself a sufficient motive and reward, yet are we not to forget that we all owe something to society. That well known tendency of men of letters to inertia and repose must, therefore, be resolutely counteracted. You must tear yourselves away, my friends, from the *noctes caenaeque Deorum*, where you hold converse with the fine spirits of former days, and inquire what you may do for mankind. Learning is not a superfluity; and utility must, after all, be the object of your studies. The theologian, like Paley, who makes truth intelligible to the humblest; the preacher, like Fenelon, who imparts the divine warmth of his own soul to the souls of his readers; the moralist, like Johnson, who "gives ardour to virtue and confidence to truth;" the jurist, like Mansfield, who contributes to the perfect administration of justice; the statesman, who stems the torrent of corruption, and directs the rising virtue of an indignant people; the philosopher, who leaves in his writings the pregnant germs of future discoveries; the historian, and the poet, who not only preserve the names of the great, but, in words that burn, inflame us with the love of their excellence, are of more value to the community, than a whole cabinet of *dilettanti*, and more worthy of your imitation than Magliabechi, reposing on the ponderous tomes of his library, a mere *corpus literarum*.

You, too, who are about to enter upon the business of manly life, should know, that literature, whether it be her pride, or her misfortune, will disdain to divide the empire of your heart. She scorns to enter into partnership with the love of money, or the ambition of noisy distinction, or with any other inordinate affection. Hardly will she submit to be encumbered with the common worldly anxieties, much less to follow in the train of lust and corruption. Genius, it is true, sometimes bursts through all these impediments; and in the midst of vice and dissipation, and even in the embarrassments of love, has been known to plant his standard on the top of Parnassus. But in general, and especially in our own country, nothing is more just than the remark of Quintilian: quod si agrorum nimia cura, et sollicitior rei familiaris diligentia, et venandi voluptas, et dati spectaculis dies, multum studiis auferunt, quid putamus facturas cupiditatem, avaritiam, invidiam? Quis inter haec literis, aut ulli bonae arti

locus? Non, hercle, magis quam frugibus, in terra sentibus & rubis occupata*.

Indeed, my friends, it is time to have done with our short cuts to reputation. Let us no longer think of finding a royal road to learning. It is time that our libraries were better furnished, our presses less prolifick, and we not so impatient of being unknown. If there is any thing which particularly distinguishes the literature of the seventeenth century from that of the present times, it is that then the men of letters were willing to study, and now they are in haste to publish. That was the age of scholars; this of readers and of printers. The great men of that age were formed like the trees of a hundred years growth, by perpetually drawing nutriment from the soil, and at the same time drinking in the pure air of heaven; while we, like the ivy, slender and rapid in our growth, and full of leaves, are, I fear, of short continuance, except as we learn *to cling around them.*

I should be unfaithful to myself and to the subject, if I should leave it, without mentioning it as the most solemn of our obligations as scholars, to take care that we give no currency to errour or sanction to vice. Unfortunately, there is enough of corrupt literature in the world; and when the mind has once begun to make that its poison, which ought to be its medicine, I know not how the soul is to be recovered, except by the power of God in his word. Scholars! I dare not say, that the cause of religion *depends* upon the fidelity of the learned; but I do say, that gratitude and every motive of virtue demand of you a reverence for the gospel. Protestant christianity has in former times given learning such support, as learning never can repay. † The history of christendom bears witness to this. The names of Erasmus, of Grotius, of Bacon and a host of luminaries of science, who rise up like a wall of fire around the cause of christianity, will bear witness to this. They cry out in the language of Tully; O vitae dux! o virtutis indagatrix, expultrixque vitiorum! quid non modo nos, sed omnino vita hominum sine te esse potuisset.‡ Without this for the guide and terminus of your studies, you may "but go down to hell, with a great deal of wisdom." My friends, infidelity has had one triumph in our days; and we have seen learning, as well as virtue, trampled under the hoofs of its infuriated steeds, let loose by the hand of impiety. Fanaticism, too, has had more than one day of desolation; and its consequences have been such, as ought always to put

* If a solicitous care of our estates, and the love of sporting, and a passion for the theatre, subtract so much from our studies, what can be expected from a mind engrossed with cupidity, avarice, and evil passions? In such a life what place is there for letters, or any honourable pursuit? Indeed, we might as well expect a harvest from a field overgrown with briars and brambles! Quinctilian. Inst. Orat. Lib. 12. cap. 1.

† See Dr. Jortin's first charge, entitled "Christianity, the preserver and supporter of Literature." Serm. vol. 7. p. 353.

‡ Tusc. Quaest. Lib. 5. § 2.

learning on its guard. Remember, then, the place where we have been educated, and the pious bounty which has enriched it for our sakes! Think of the ancestors who have transmitted to us our christian liberties! Nay, hear the voice of posterity, pleading with you for her peace, and beseeching you not to send down your names, stained with profligacy and irreligion. Do you want examples of learned christians? I could not recount them all in an age. You need not to be told that

> Learning has borne *such* fruit in other days,
> On all her branches; piety has found
> Friends in the friends of science, and true prayer
> Has flowed from lips wet with Castalian dews*.

Yes, it has! We have known and loved such men, and, thank God, have been loved by them. There is now present to my mind the image of a scholar, whom some of you knew, (for he was one of us,) and those who knew him well will say with me, he was as pure a spirit as ever tasted the dew of Castalia!— How would WALTER have delighted in this anniversary! He would have heard me! me, who am now left to speak of him only, and ask for him the tribute, the passing tribute of your grateful recollection! He would have heard me? It may be, that he now hears me, and is pleased with this tribute.

> —— Manibus date lilia plenis;
> Purpureos spargam flores, animamque amici
> His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
> Munere.†

It would be ungrateful to close this subject, without thinking of our Alma Mater! Scholars! let us never dishonour her. Let it always be ranked among the most urgent and honourable of our duties, to consult her interests, to watch over her renown, and to gain for her the patronage of the community. You, then, who are alive to the reputation of this antient university, lend her your effectual influence. Go to the rich, and tell them of the substantial glory of literary patronage! Tell them of the Maecenases of former days! Tell them, that the spirit of commerce has always been propitious to the arts and sciences! Show them the glories of the Medici of Florence; the republican renown of Holland, once studded with splendid universities, and fruitful in great men, fostered by the rich merchants of her cities! Show them that island of the blessed, where so many rich endowments of schools and of literary institutions have

* Cowper's Task, Book iii.

† Aen. Lib. VI. 893.

> Bring fragrant flowers, the whitest lilies bring,
> With all the purple beauties of the spring;
> On the dear youth, to please his shade below,
> This unavailing gift at least I may bestow!
>
> DRYDEN AND PITT.

mingled forever together the glories of commerce and of science! And, if this will not touch them, read the roll of the former benefactors of our university; of the Hollises and the Hancocks. These were merchants; and men too, whom posterity will never cease to honour; men, whom all the great and good spirits that have issued from this seat of learning will go and congratulate in heaven, as their benefactors!

There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine;
Rapt in celestial transport they;
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy
To bless the place, where on their op'ning soul
First the genuine ardour stole.*

But I forbear.—The cause of truth and learning is the cause of God, and it will not be deserted. With our Alma Mater, then, we leave our filial valediction; and in the words of Virgil, where he speaks of Berecynthia, the mother of the gods, we express our most ardent wishes that she may ever be

Felix prole virûm.....
Laeta deûm partu, centum complexa nepotes,
Omnes caelicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes†. ‡

AEN. LIB. VI. 783.

* Gray's Ode for Musick.

† Proud of her sons, she lifts her head on high;
Proud, as the mighty mother of the sky,
When, thro' the Phrygian towns, sublime in air
She rides triumphant in her golden car,
Crown'd with a nodding diadem of tow'rs,
And counts her offspring, the celestial pow'rs,
A shining train, who fill the blest abode,
A hundred sons, and every son a god! PITT.

‡ The present state of the University at Cambridge is such, we believe, as must be highly gratifying to its friends. Within a few years the terms of admission have been considerably raised, and a greater strictness of examination introduced. The number of books studied there is increased, and a spirit of application discovers itself, which promises much future excellence. The introduction of Dalzel's Collectanea Majora is a great step towards the improvement of Greek learning; and a Lord's day exercise will soon be required of the students in Grotius de veritate. The professorships of rhetorick and of natural history are noble instances of munificence; and there have been lately added adjunct professors in the two departments of chemistry and of anatomy. There is yet, however, much to be done, which calls for the patronage of the rich. A professorship of law, for which there is already a fund, might soon be put in operation with more ample endowments. The salaries of some of the officers require to be enlarged, to induce men of talents to fill these places for any length of time; and the number of tutors might be advantageously increased. But it is peculiarly desirable that a theological school should be established, where students for the ministry may be supported, and a professor or professors appointed, who shall devote themselves to the instruction of resident graduates in Biblical criticism, and in the qualifications for the pulpit.

It would be a very agreeable employment to some one acquainted with our academical annals, to collect and publish a history of this university, or an Athenae Harvardienses. In a few years it will become almost impracticable.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

[We have been favoured by a friend with an extract of a letter from Paris, dated in May, of which the following is a translation.]

The attention of the literary world has been occupied for a month past by a poem of M. Chateaubriand's, entitled *the Martyrs*. Philosophers, devotees, and wits are all against him. The first accuse him of bigotry, the second of having detracted from the dignity of God, by placing him in conversation with Jupiter, and the last to have failed in his object, which was to prove, that the christian mythology offered much finer effects for paintings than the Pagan; and that he has produced a monster in literature, which is neither poem nor romance. As for me, who know nothing of the business, and who of course am not obliged to make any pretensions, I am very well pleased with this sort of hermaphrodite; it pleases my mind, and I am content with that pleasure, without seeking to destroy the illusion by those terrible *why's*.

Madame de Stael has discovered for us a German, altogether French; and that with reason, we love unreasonably: it is an extract from a work of thirty folios, by the Prince de Ligne. She has given us the quintessence of them; there is grace, delicacy, promptness, *de l'apropos*, reason, trifling, wit, in short every thing that to this moment we thought could only exist in *la gentille nation*, as Frederick the Great used to call us, and yet it is from a German.

I do not know whether Fame has carried to the new world the glory of Luce de Lencival, the author of Hector, a tragedy, praised to the skies, and for which they fought, and were crushed to pieces at the doors of the theatre, and which has produced the author a pension of six thousand livres. A good style, the most affecting adieus, a friendship worthy of Patroclus, the interest which a hero, sacrificing his military glory to the good of his country inspires, these have caused its success.

If from the illustrious Homer I may descend to the *barriere Pantin*, I will tell you that I went a day or two since to the canal of the Oure, which was projected three years ago. The part I saw is charming; a reservoir almost a mile in length, and wide in proportion, a Dutch bridge at the end, communicating with the canal, two rows of chesnuts planted on each side, and the hills of Romainville crowning the whole, makes a charming walk for the cockneys of Paris.

I shall not speak of the embellishments of the great city; they are infinite, pulling down and building up; it is a scene of edifices and ruins. In viewing their foundations on one side, their

triumphal arches, galleries, collonades, the louvre, I fancy myself at Rome in the age of Augustus.

I had forgot the greatest of all wonders; a man, named *Azais*, has shewn himself all of a sudden with work after work upon *compensations*, proving to us that there is as much good as evil in this lower world, and telling the emperour that, during so great a reign, we must necessarily become acquainted with truth, and that God had chosen him to reveal it. He has attempted to shew us all this in a publick course of lectures, in which no body could understand a word; and to this time we consider him as the greatest madman that could escape from Charenton or Bedlam. He has really the air of a prophet, and, as if he had been anointed from heaven, he is eloquent in the highest degree. No man can speak with more genius, nor be irrational with more charm.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

SOME ACCOUNT OF VENICE, AND THE SPLENDID ENTRANCE OF BUONAPARTE INTO THAT CITY, in December, 1807.

BY A BOSTONIAN.

[Continued from page 92.]

OBJECTS of a commercial nature having been the principal inducements to our visiting Venice, we were to attend to those objects first; and accordingly this afternoon we called upon some merchants to whom we had been recommended, and obtained from them such information and advice as related to our affairs.

Having been extremely pleased with the first impressions received on entering Venice, we determined to gratify our curiosity a little, and see as much of this celebrated city as the nature of our business and the short stay we proposed to make here would permit.

The first day of our arrival has been noticed; we attended to business, past hastily through several parts of the city, and betook ourselves early to rest. The fatigue of the preceding night, spent in our carriage, prepared us for repose, and no malignant spirit was commissioned to disturb it. This was Wednesday; and the remaining part of the week we devoted much of our time to visiting several places worthy of notice, examining with pleasure various objects in the fine arts, admiring the riches and elegance of the churches, and beholding altogether with wonder the tokens of splendour and magnificence to which this city and republick had formerly attained.

St. Mark's church is very curious for its Mosaick work; all those figures and ornaments of colours and shades which in other catholick churches are paintings, and which appear like paintings here, are done in Mosaick. They are beautifully, they

are wonderfully executed; and one can scarcely believe that the fine art of painting can be so easily counterfeited by artfully arranging different coloured stones. In an alcove on the outside of the church, St. Mark is thus painted or figured in Mosaick as a corpse, surrounded by a number of saints and angels, all larger than life, and executed in a style to please and astonish the most elevated expectations. The inside is decorated with numerous pieces equally beautiful and surprising. The roof of the church is thrown into several arches; which are seen from the floor, and are filled, as well as the walls, with saints and angels in groups, a great many scriptural and some historical pieces, all in Mosaick. It would seem to require ages to collect and assort a sufficient number of these small stones to form so many and such variety of figures, without calculating the labour and ingenuity in setting them. The altar and its ornaments are rich in marble and the precious metals; but much of these last was taken away and converted to more active purposes by the French army, when they first took possession of the city, and overturned the republick of Venice. Round the altar are four pillars of alabaster, which, although near a foot in diameter, are beautifully transparent.

As in all Catholick churches, so in St. Mark's they pretend to have some very extraordinary and sacred relicks, or objects of sacred regard, and religious veneration. The real body of St. Mark, the Evangelist, they tell you, is preserved in this church; and what is cherished with a still more holy adoration, a piece of the cross, upon which our saviour was crucified *. St. Mark is their tutelary saint, and has always been worshipped as the patron and protector of their city. One would suppose however, that they had offended him of late, for he seems to have withdrawn his patronage, and did not see fit to protect them against the general depredations of the conquerour of Italy.

The top of St. Mark's tower is a tedious elevation to attain, but from the balcony you enjoy a prospect which repays the toil of ascending. From hence we looked down on the city, could mark its shape and dimensions, its numerous canals and bridges, with the busy multitude of men which crowded the streets, had a view of the adjacent isles, a distant one of the Adriatick, and all the variegated charms which the fine bay and beautiful country on its borders could exhibit.

The Ducal palace is a noble edifice; those who see it must admire, but it is too large for me to examine with accuracy, and contains too many interesting objects to attempt to describe. The palace forms a square, and encloses a spacious court.

* On board of the vessel in which I afterwards embarked for Trieste, there was a devout sailor who had a small sliver from this piece of the holy cross. It was given him, he said, as a most precious don by one of the priests of St. Mark; he had it fixed in a little locket in the form of a cross, and as the weather looked boisterous when we were about to get under way, he took this from his chest and very piously hung it about his neck.

Round the court in niches are a great number of statues, some in bronze, some in marble. Two ranges of Corinthian columns form the front of the palace, and ornament each side of the square; the first range supports a gallery, and the second a cornice. From the court or square we ascended a flight of marble steps to the gallery, and from the gallery, through other superb stair-cases to the upper apartments, we visited successively, the council chamber, the chamber of audience, the grand assembly room, &c. They are all in the most magnificent style, and ornamented by some of the first paintings in the world. The history of the wars of the republick, and the whole story of Barbarossa are told on canvass, and expressed in almost living characters. The stair-cases are very noble; they are wide, with a fine arch over head, and these arches are filled with sculpture, bas relief, and stucco, richly gilt. Round the walls in the court we observed the lion's mouths, which, from being channels of secret information, were wont to keep the Venetians in so much awe. The rear of the palace is washed by the waters of a canal. As we passed up this canal in a gondola, we observed several back doors which opened into the water, so that a boat might sail into a large entry, and land upon a large stair-case leading to the apartments above.

On the other side of the canal is the state prison, a noble building also, and from this to the palace was a communication by a covered bridge forming a fine marble arch over the canal. It was through this passage that the prisoners were conducted to the palace for trial, or to receive from the senate their sentence.

In more prosperous times, when Venice maintained an elevated rank as a naval power, the arsenal here was considered the first in the world. Since her fall it has been neglected, many of the magazines have been stripped and plundered; but like Marius in Carthage, it is great in ruins. Lately a little more attention has been paid to it; the French government are putting the works in operation, and particularly upon the occasion of the expected visit from the Emperour, every exertion is making that it may appear respectable. It is a most spacious enclosure for naval architecture and a vast deposite and laboratory of naval and warlike implements. In it is contained the work-shops for manufacturing every thing necessary for the constructing and completely fitting a ship of war. Here they are built and equipped for sea; and a ship of the line is completed, from the laying of the keel, until she is ready to fight an enemy upon her own element, without going beyond these walls for a single manufactured article. The cables, the anchors, the sails, are all made here, and the workhouses for these several objects are upon the largest and most convenient plan. The cannon are cast in this arsenal, and the muskets and smaller weapons are also manufactured on the same busy stage. The walls enclose two basons of water, and upon the margins of

these are about fifty vast workhouses, in which the ships are built; they are separated from each other by a thick wall of masonry, and these walls support lofty roofs: thus a ship of war is begun and completed for launching, in a workshop, where the workmen are always under cover. Let any one figure to himself the size of a workshop, large enough to contain a ship of one hundred guns, and he will have some idea of the magnitude of objects in the arsenal of Venice. The ropewalk is a convenient and handsome building; it is upwards of fifteen hundred feet long, two stories high, and the roof is supported by a superb range of columns nearly four feet in diameter.

The cannon foundery is also a spacious and convenient building; and in it we saw some fine brass guns under the operating hands of the workmen, and in various stages of the process, from melting the metal to the last polishing of the piece.

In examining the manufactures of such ponderous objects, one has a flattering idea of the ingenuity of man. It occasions a pleasant emotion, something like the sublime, to observe with what ease they perform operations which seem to require a powerful force. The application of suitable machinery will effect any thing, and effect any thing with ease. A cannon of any size is here suspended and whirled round in a kind of lathe, and thus wrought and polished with great ease and dexterity.

After being sufficiently elevated by viewing things upon such a grand scale, the mind is agreeably diverted in being directed to a beautiful display of smaller objects. We were conducted to the armory, where several adjoining halls are filled with small arms, muskets, pistols, swords, &c. They are kept clean and polished, and so ingeniously arranged and displayed, that on entering each hall a different and beautiful coup d'oeil is presented. Here also we saw some fine pieces of sculpture, and some weapons and pieces of armour, curious for their antiquity, and several trophies of war, which the Venetians are still proud of telling were borne in triumph from their vanquished enemies.

Among the many churches which we visited, and which from their riches and elegance we viewed with pleasing admiration, there was one which we were principally induced to see on account of a fine piece of sculpture, among connoisseurs considered a master piece. It is a modern production, designed and executed by *Canova*, who is at present celebrated as the first sculptor of the age. It is a group, the principal figure of which is *Elmo*, a Venetian admiral, with ships, gallies, the sea, and a variety of naval emblems; the whole cut from one solid block of white marble, and executed certainly in a very beautiful style.

In this church there were also a great many very fine paintings; but what I saw with most surprise, though not with equal approbation, was a Grecian female statue in white marble, in a recumbent posture, and perfectly naked. The singularity of such a figure in a house of christian worship astonished me, and

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I was shocked with what I thought the indecency of the thing. It might have merit for its true imitation of nature, but nature is not always to be exposed, and particularly in a place of publick devotion. But whatever may be its value in point of workmanship, I am sure I had not the countenance to examine it, especially before an assembly in the midst of their religicus exercises, and therefore shall not pretend to judge of its merits in that particular.

The author of Elements of Criticism says, "no picture is proper for a church that has not religion for its subject." I agree with him. But certainly the Venetians were not under the influence of this sense of congruity, when they placed within these sacred walls the image of a naked woman.

Among the iniquitous institutions which the present government supports, and which, with a mutual regard, in their turn help to support the government, are the gaming houses. There is one in this city upon a very superb and costly plan. Here we see the vices, as it were, marshalled and organized. This noble building, with its lofty and elegant apartments, is worthy of a better application. You enter it through large folding doors from a court-yard, ascend a fine flight of marble steps, which mount to the second story and open into a spacious hall, the ceiling of which is vaulted, and ornamented with fine paintings. The hall is about fifty feet by sixty, and is surrounded by four or five lesser apartments, though all of them large and elegant. In two of these rooms are large tables with a wheel of fortune, and in the others are a great number of faro tables.

This house is crowded every evening with a mixed company. All of them come here with the laudable design of winning other people's money, but the most of them go home with the mortification of having lost their own.

The wheel of fortune tables are long, each being divided into two parts, making double tables, with the deceitful goddess in the middle. She is a silver figure, and stands on a silver ball in the center of an horizontal wheel; a boy sets at the middle of the table to whirl the wheel round, and a man at each end to receive and pay out the money that is bet. These tables are so thronged and crowded with anxious faces, that it is difficult for one to squeeze in near enough to lay down his money. The wheel turns, each one at the table puts down his cash, as much as he chooses to adventure. The wheel stops, and he sees if he is to take it up doubled, or if it is gone for ever. The man at the end of the table scrapes up all the money upon the unfortunate squares, and throws down what is due to the fortunate ones, and the wheel goes round again. Thus it is continually going. I could not but view this table as an epitome of the world; some win, more lose, and all are looking for the favours of fortune.

The rooms are opened, and the games begin early in the evening, and they continue gaming till twelve o'clock.

The utmost order and regularity prevail in these apartments; all is still and quiet; no disputes, or any high words are to be heard, for there is a French centinel in each corner of every room, and these fellows are excellent incentives to peaceable demeanour. Upon the same floor there is a coffee-room, where you find all sorts of refreshments, and excellent in their kind. A man stands in a little apartment at the head of the staircase, and receives your hat, sword, cane, cloak, &c. gives you a ticket, which you present when you come out, and receive your hat, &c. again. This house, as was hinted before, is licensed by government, and the manager pays twelve hundred and fifty livres (about one hundred and twenty-five dollars) a day for the privilege.

There is an astronomical clock in St. Mark's place, the dial plate of which presents on its plane, within the hour circle, a ring, representing the zodiack with the twelve signs in gilt bass relief, which perform the apparent rotation with those in the heavens. The moon is also shewn in her several phases on the same plane. On the hour circle is marked twenty four hours, as the Italians always reckon the time from one to twenty four, without making the division at twelve as we do. The hours are sounded by two gigantick figures in bronze, which alternately strike on a large bell between them.

The shops in Venice are many of them very rich, particularly in gold and jewelry, gold and silver lace, &c. These articles are manufactured here in great abundance, and in a very handsome taste. The shopkeepers pay great attention to, and have a peculiar knack in dressing up their shops and exposing their wares to the best advantage. This is particularly remarked in the cooks' shops, which are very numerous; the windows and counters are crowded with all kinds of wild game, poultry, and butcher's meat, and displayed in such inviting aspects as almost to create an appetite where there was no previous disposition to eat. The fruiterers also present you a delicious view of their stock; their fruit is finely arranged in rising rows round the shop, in form of an amphitheatre, and beautifully ornamented and interspersed with flowers, nosegays, and gilt paper.

The streets are generally clean and well paved, but they are so narrow, that, as Sterne says of those of Paris, you have not the satisfaction of knowing on which side you are walking. There are few, if any, more than six feet wide, and the most of them not more than four; they are of course so thronged, that it is often difficult to get along. However, if you are a little incommoded in this way, you are never in danger of being run over by horses or carriages, for there is not one of these animals, nor any thing on wheels in all Venice. The Venetian coach is a gondola; and every person of note keeps one or more of these, with gondoliers in livery.

Venice is seven miles in circumference, contains four hundred canals, and twice as many bridges. They reckon one

hundred and eighty seven thousand inhabitants. The city is supplied with fresh water from rain, which is preserved in cisterns. These cisterns are common in every square. All the water that falls into the square is conducted into a large reservoir, from which it is filtered through sand into a cistern in the middle, and from these cisterns it is drawn out very clear and pure. The principal houses have each a cistern in the yard upon the same plan. When these fail, water is brought from the main in boats.

The canals which cut the city into squares have no side walks or margins, but the water washes the walls of the houses, and flows into their doors. The houses are built absolutely in the water, and their foundations laid two or three feet under its surface. They are at a great expense in preparing this foundation, which is done first by driving piles; these are settled to a sufficient depth, and on them they begin with massy hewn stone.

There are very few spots within the compass of the city which were originally above the surface of the sea. An extensive bed of shoals, five or six miles from the main land, was a curious scite for building, yet upon such an unpromising foundation has risen one of the first cities in Europe. The idea of an asylum suggested the choice of this spot to the founders of Venice. It was like the instinct which we discover in some cautious birds, which build their nests under precipices, or hang them upon the extremity of a rotten branch of a tree.

Harassed by invading armies, or frequently plundered by banditti of robbers, some few families fled from the main, and erected huts upon these flats. The security they here enjoyed led others equally harassed to join them; probably the facility with which they supplied themselves with food from the surrounding element, attached them to the spot; the necessity of being acquainted with navigation, though at first upon a small scale, led them to commerce; commerce enriched them, and thus Venice rose from a mud bank to a proud and flourishing city, and from the shelter of a few fugitive fishermen, she became mistress of the sea.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

FRENCH CRITICISM.

AS the Columbiad has occupied some pages in the two last numbers of the Anthology, the following extracts from a French criticism on that work are translated from the *Magazin Encyclopedique* for May 1809. The first extract is made, because the writer touches on a passage criticised in the Anthology, but on different ground; the second, because some of the remarks will apply to others besides Mr. Barlow.

"The justness of the poet's ideas may also be disputed, when he represents Washington wishing to pass the Delaware on the ice to attack the English as prevented by the genius of the stream. A poet, reading the future, should perceive the invisible chain which unites human actions to the will of the gods. It is not natural then to represent the genius of the Delaware attached to the English, ignorant of the future destiny of his country, and opposing a cause so noble as that of her independence. Washington, though a christian, and fighting in a christian cause, cries to himself like Mezentius, *Dextra mihi deus ;* aided by Hesper, he surmounts every obstacle, and flies to victory."

"We shall only speak here of the *Postscriptum* where the author defends with warmth the liberty of introducing new words: Every fixed language, says he, is a dead language. This is an errour. A language is not dead till it is no longer in use among the people who first employed it. The Greek and Latin are still spoken in certain countries, but in so corrupt a manner and so different from that of the Greeks and Romans that they hardly resemble them. The ancient and classick manner of speaking being lost, these are called dead languages. But the Italian, the Spanish, the French are fixed, because their syntax is regulated: the French language is particularly so, since the days of Corneille and Pascal. In the course of the revolution, a crowd of new expressions sought to introduce themselves, but very few of them have survived the epoch of their birth.

"It is true that discoveries in the arts and sciences make it necessary to employ new words ; the intercourse and habits of society rarely exact it in a language in general use. If all authors had the privilege of introducing terms, it would be continually necessary to publish new dictionaries, and the number of these expressions would become infinite. Mr. Barlow sometimes employs in his poetry such words as he would not admit in his prose, which is always pure and correct. He perhaps abuses this license. A genius like his does not need such a little resource ; and the ironical advice of Voltaire,

Si vous ne pensez pas, créez de nouveaux mots.

is only applicable to mean and sterile talents."

LETTERS FROM HON. JOHN ADAMS AND MRS. ADAMS, TO THOMAS BRAND-HOLLIS, ESQ.

(Concluded from page 110.)

VI.

New-York, June 1, 1790.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Nothing mortifies me more than the difficulty I find to maintain that correspondence with you which, when I left England, I thought would be some consolation to me for the loss of your conversation.

We proceed by degrees to introduce a little order into this country, and my publick duties require so much of my time, that I have little left for private friendship however dear to me.

By general Mansel, I send you a small packet which will give you some idea of our proceedings. The French seem to be very zealous to follow our example: I wish they may not too exactly copy our greatest errours, and suffer, in consequence of them, greater misfortunes than ourselves. They will find themselves under a necessity of treading back some of their too hasty steps, as we have done.

I am situated on the majestick banks of the Hudson, in comparison of which your Thames is but a rivulet, and surrounded with all the beauties and sublimities of nature. Never did I live in so delightful a spot. I would give,—what would I not give, to see you here?

Your library and your cabinets of elegant and costly curiosities, would be an addition to such a situation, which would in this country attract the attention of all. In Europe they are lost in the crowd. Come over and purchase a paradise here, and be the delight and admiration of a new world. Marry one of our fine girls, and leave a family to do honour to human nature when you can do it no longer in person.

Franklin is no more, and we have lately trembled for Washington. Thank God! he is recovered from a dangerous sickness, and is likely now to continue many years. His life is of vast importance to us.

Is there any probability of England's being able to carry off any of her distempers? I wish her happy and prosperous, but I wish she would adopt the old maxim, "live and let live."

Will there be a complete revolution in Europe both in religion and government? Where will the present passions and principles lead, and in what will they end? In more freedom and humanity, I am clear: but when? or how?

My affectionate regards to Dr. Price and all our good friends; and believe me yours,

dum spiro,

JOHN ADAMS.

Rhode Island is to become one of us on the 29th May.

Thomas Brand-Hollis, esq.
Chesterfield-street, Westminster.

VII.

New York, June 11, 1790.

DEAR SIR,

I have received your kind letter of March 29th and the packet of pamphlets, and I pray you to accept of my best thanks for both. I sent you lately by general Mansel some of our rough matters. The boxes of books you sent by captain Bernard arrived safely, I know.

You seem to suppose our coasts in danger from the African pirates. In this I presume you are deceived by the artifices of the London insurance offices, for we are in no more danger than the empire of China is.

The great revolution in France is wonderful, but not supernatural. The hand of Providence is in it, I doubt not; working however by natural and ordinary means, such as produced the reformation in religion in the sixteenth century.

That all men have one common nature, is a principle, which will now universally prevail: and equal rights, and equal duties will, in a just sense, I hope be inferred from it. But equal ranks and equal property never can be inferred from it, any more than equal understanding, agility, vigour, or beauty. Equal laws are all that ever can be desired from human equality.

I am delighted with Dr. Price's sermon on patriotism. But there is a sentiment or two which I should explain a little. He guards his hearers and readers, very judiciously, against the extremes of adulation and contempt. "The former is the extreme" he says, "to which mankind in general have been most prone."*

The generality of rulers have treated men as your English jockies treat their horses—convinced them first that they were their *masters*, and next that they were their *friends*: at least they have pretended to do so. Mankind have, I agree, behaved too much like horses; been rude, wild and mad, until they were mastered, and then been too tame, gentle and dull.

I think our friend should have stated it thus. The great and perpetual distinction in civilized societies has been between the rich, who are few, and the poor, who are many. When the

* "Discourse on the love of our country, delivered November 4, 1789," 4th edit. p. 22.

many are masters they are too unruly, and then the few are too tame, and afraid to speak out the truth. When the few are masters, they are too severe, and then the many are too servile. This is the strict truth. The few have had most art and union, and therefore have generally prevailed in the end. The inference of wisdom from these premises is, that neither the poor, nor the rich, should ever be suffered to be masters. They should have equal power to defend themselves: and that their power may be always equal, there should be an independent mediator between them, always ready, always able, and always interested to assist the weakest. Equal laws can never be made or maintained without this balance.

You see I still hold fast my scales, and weigh every thing in them. The French must finally become my disciples, or rather the disciples of Zeno: or they will have no equal laws, no personal liberty, no property, no lives.

I am very much employed in business, and this must be my apology for neglecting so much to write to you: but I will be as good a correspondent as I can—I hope you will not forget your old friend.

In this country the pendulum has vibrated * * *

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France has severe trials to endure from the same cause. Both have found, or will find, that to place property at the mercy of a majority who have no property is—committere agnum lupo.—My fundamental maxim of government is, never trust the lamb to the custody of the wolf. If you are not perfectly of my mind at present, I hereby promise and assure you, that you will live to see that I am precisely right.

Thus arrogantly concludes

your assured friend,

JOHN ADAMS.

Thomas Brand-Hollis, esq.
Chesterfield-street, Westminster.

VIII.

New York, November 3, 1790.

DEAR SIR,

By Mr. Broom, a worthy citizen of our states, I take the pleasure to inform you, that I have received your kind letter, and have sent the two packets to Dr. Willard and to Harvard college. As these packets have been delayed by their address to me, I beg the favour of you in future to address any favours of the kind, intended for the college, to the care of my son, "John Quincy Adams, counsellor at law, Court-street, Boston," who will think it an honour and a pleasure to obey your orders. Your favours to me, you will please to address to me at Phila-

delphia, to which city I am to remove with my family to-morrow.

Philadelphia is to be my residence for the future, and the seat of government. My address will be, John Adams, vice-president of the United States, Bush-hill, Philadelphia.

This country, sir, is as happy as it deserves to be. A perfect calm and contentment reigns in every part. The new national government enjoys as much of the confidence of the people as it ought to enjoy, and has undoubtedly greatly promoted their freedom, prosperity and happiness. Nothing can be more acceptable, than the little pamphlet you have sent me, and I pray you to accept my best thanks.

We are very anxious for the cause of liberty in France, but are apprehensive that their constitution cannot preserve their union. Yet we presume not to judge for them when will be the proper time, and what the method of introducing the only adequate remedy against competitions. You know what I mean. My family, your friends, are all well. Pray write as often as you can to him who is, for life,

with great esteem
your friend and humble servant,

JOHN ADAMS.

Thomas Brand-Hollis, esq.

TWO LETTERS FROM MRS. ADAMS.

I.

Portsmouth, Fountain Inn, Aprill 5, 1788.

DEAR SIR,

There is something so disagreeable to one's feelings in taking a final leave of our friends, and thinking that it is the last time we shall ever meet, that I avoided placing myself in that situation as much as possible. On this account I neither bid my worthy friends Dr. Price or Mr. Hollis adieu; for those two gentlemen I have the greatest esteem and regard, and regret the necessity which deprives me of their personal acquaintance. I will, however, flatter myself that their friendship will extend beyond the spot where it was first contracted, and its kind effusions follow me to a distant land.

May I hope, sir, to hear of your welfare and happiness, in which I shall always rejoice, whenever an opportunity offers, after my arrival in America. The Hyde will ever be remembered by me; and the friendship and hospitality of its owner, as the most agreeable scene in my recollection. I designed to have requested a few of the flower seeds from the garden, that I might have planted them with my own hand, and nurtured them with my own care, whenever I arrive in America.

As you have been pleased to give a station to some of my family round your habitation, there can be no harm in my wish-

ing to transplant some of yours to a soil and climate equally salubrious, and perhaps more productive than their own native clime. We have been waiting here nearly a week for a change of wind, and as we have no acquaintance here, the time is rather heavy. Most of our books we sent on board the ship; and those we have with us, we have read. Good Dr. Wren! I always mourned his death, but never so sensibly felt his loss as now.

Pray remember me affectionately to our friend Mrs. Jebb. Mr. Adams is taking his daily walk. Was he here, I am sure he would bid me present his affectionate regards to you, and join me in every sentiment of esteem, with which I am,

dear sir,
your obliged friend
and humble servant,

A. Adams.

Thomas Brand-Hollis, esq.
Chesterfield-street, London.

II.

New-York, September 6, 1790.

MY DEAR SIR,

You ask, in one of your letters to Mr. Adams, what is become of Mrs. Adams that I do not hear from her?

If my heart had not done you more justice than my pen, I would disown it. I have so long omitted writing to you, that my conscience has been a very severe accuser of me. But be assured, my dear sir, that I never fail to talk of you with pleasure, and think of you with affection. I place the hours spent at the Hyde amongst some of the most pleasurable of my days, and I esteem your friendship as one of the most valuable acquisitions that I made in your country:—a country that I should most sincerely rejoice to visit again, if I could do it without crossing the ocean. I have sometimes been suspected of partiality for the preference which I have given to England, but were I to live out of America, that country would have been my choice.

I have a situation here, which, for natural beauty, may vie with the most delicious spot I ever saw. It is a mile and half distant from the city of New-York. The house is situated upon an eminence; at an agreeable distance, flows the noble Hudson bearing upon her bosom the fruitful productions of the adjacent country. On my right hand are fields beautifully variegated with grass and grain to a great extent, like the valley of Honiton in Devonshire. Upon my left, the city opens to view, intercepted here and there, by a rising ground, and an ancient oak. In front, beyond the Hudson, the Jersey shores present an exuberance of a rich well cultivated soil. The venerable oaks, and broken ground, covered with wild shrubs, which surround me, give a natural beauty to the spot which is truly enchanting. A

lovely variety of birds serenade me morning and evening, rejoicing in their liberty and security, for I have as much as possible prohibited the grounds from invasion: and sometimes almost wished for game laws, when my orders have not been sufficiently regarded. The partridge, the woodcock, and the pigeon are too great temptations to the sportsmen to withstand. How greatly would it add to my happiness to welcome here my much esteemed friend. Tis true we have a large portion of the blue and gold, of which you used to remind me, when you thought me an Egyptian; but, however I might hanker after the good things of America, I have been sufficiently taught to value and esteem other countries besides my own.

You was pleased to inform us, that your adopted family flourished in your soil, mine has received an addition. Mrs. Smith, Mr. Adams' daughter, and the wife of colonel W. Stephen Smith, respecting the name of the great literary benefactor of her native state, and in grateful remembrance of the friendly attention, and patriotick character of its present possessor, has named her new-born son Thomas-Hollis. She desires me to present you her affectionate remembrance. Mr. Adams is absent upon a journey, or he would have written you a letter of a later date than that which Mr. Knox is the bearer of. This gentleman is a brother of our secretary of war, and is appointed consul to Dublin. He is intelligent, and can answer you any question respecting our government, and politicks, which you may wish to know; but if he should not see you, I know it will give you pleasure to learn that our union is complete by the accession of Rhode Island; that our government acquires strength, confidence and stability daily. That peace is in our borders, and plenty in our dwellings; and we earnestly pray that the kindling flames of war, which appear to be bursting out in Europe, may by no means be extended to this rising nation. We enjoy freedom in as great a latitude as is consistent with our security, and happiness. God grant that we may rightly estimate our blessings.

Pray remember me, in the most affectionate terms to Dr. Price, and to Mrs. Jebb, and be assured, my dear sir, that I am, with every sentiment of regard and esteem,

yours, &c.

ABIGAIL ADAMS.

SILVA, No. 55.

.... Jam glandes atque arbuta sacrae
Deficerent silvae. Virg. 1. Georg. 149.

RICHARD CROMWELL.

RICHARD CROMWELL, in the decline of his life, was compelled by his daughters to appear in chancery, before Sir John Holt, chief justice, and first commissioner for keeping the great seal in the reign of Queen Anne. On that occasion, Holt desired Cromwell to sit with him on the bench, insisted on his remaining covered, and, after reprimanding the daughters, who wished to deprive their poor father of his property, made a decree in Cromwell's favour, to the great satisfaction of the court and her majesty.

IMMORTAL FAME

may be very short-lived. Dryden somewhere extols a nameless name, in strains like these:

Holmes, whose name shall live in epick song,
While musick numbers, or while verse has feet.

DR. FRANKLIN.

It is well known what hard thoughts and hard speeches were occasioned in some real and some pretended friends of republican liberty in this country, by the establishment of the society of the Cincinnati, which thirty years trial has proved as harmless as the Historical Society, or any charitable association. Dr. Franklin probably had his share of jealousy and dislike towards the institution; but did not choose to give explicit judgment against a proceeding, which was generally popular and countenanced by a great part of the best citizens. The Marquis de la Fayette, with whom it was a favourite project, in company with the doctor, said, "Pray sir, what is your opinion of the establishment of the Cincinnati?" "Why truly, Marquis," said the doctor slily, "I have no opinion of it at all."

SIR HARBOTTLE GRIMSTON

Concludes his eloquent Epistle dedicatory of Croke Elizabeth to Charles II. with these words:

"I beseech your majesty to accept this poor oblation from the heart and hands of him who makes it his daily prayers that you may live long, and triumphantly reign; and that your *sceptre* may, like *Aaron's rod*, bud and blossom, and be an eternal testimony against all rebels."

And of the three volumes of judge Croke's reports, Sir Harbottle, in his admirable preface, which immediately follows the epistle dedicatory, after the life and character of his illustrious author, says, "concerning the whole work itself, I may think and not immodestly use the words of the Roman Praeco, proclaiming the Ludi Seculares: Venite et videte quod nemo mortalium vidit aut visurus est."

In the letters between Erskine and Boswell, published in London somewhere about the year 1763, is the following

ODE ON GLUTTONY.

Hail Gluttony! O let me eat
Immensely at thy awful board,
On which to serve the stomach meet
What art and nature can afford.
I'll furious cram, devoid of fear,
Let but the roast and boil'd appear,
Let me but see a smoking dish,
I care not whether fowl or fish.
Then rush ye floods of ale adown my throat,
And in my belly make the victuals float.

And yet why trust a greasy cook?
Or give to meat the time of play?
While every trout gulps down a hook,
And poor dumb beasts harsh butchers slay.
Why seek the dull, sauce-smelling gloom,
Of the beef-haunted dining room;
Where D———r gives to every guest
With liberal hand whate'er is best;
While you in vain th' insurance must invoke,
To give security you shall not choke?

UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF MR. HUME.

The following letter from Mr. Hume to Lord Hardwick, respecting King James' II. manuscripts in the Scotch college at Paris, and the character and conduct of Charles II. was translated for and published in the Mercure de France, for November 1807, No. 332. As Mr. Fox's masterly, though imperfect history of the reign of James II. is now published in this country, Mr. Hume's letter must be doubly interesting. The retranslation subjoined (for the original, as the French publishers say, was in the possession of M. Joncourt, librarian to the prince of Orange) is taken from the Literary Panorama, for August 1808. page 950.

Compiègne, 23d July, 1764.

My Lord, Soon after my arrival at Paris, I had the curiosity to consult the Memoirs of James II. They form about thirteen volumes in folio, all written with that king's own hand, without

being reduced into regular history. Such is, for instance, an account of the negotiations that preceded the second Dutch war; a point of history which has always appeared to me extremely obscure, and perplexed with a multiplicity of contradictions. Father Gordon, principal of the Scotch college, an obliging and communicative person, nevertheless made some difficulty of permitting me to peruse this passage; but after I had assured him of my having been employed in the office of the secretary of state, and that I was waiting for an authoritative permission to consult the French *Registers* which were expected to contain the treaty concluded between Charles II. and Louis XIV. all his scruples ceased, and I inspected the MS. I am about to mention its contents, by recollection, My Lord, for I have left at Paris the different extracts, that I made from it, for all of which I had the consent of Father Gordon.

The treaty was concluded at the end of 1669, or the beginning of 1670, the memoirs of the time have not assigned it a precise date. It was Lord Arundel, of Wardour, who signed it secretly, in a journey which he made to Paris for the purpose. The two principal articles stipulate the re-establishment of the Catholic religion in England, and an offensive alliance between the two powers against Holland. Louis promises to Charles an annual subsidy of £.200,000; with 6,000 troops in case of insurrection. As to Holland, that was to be divided according to the basis afterwards described by the Abbe Primi. England was to have Zealand, and the seaports: all the rest was to form the division of the king of France and the prince of Orange. Besides that, there was no mention made of establishing arbitrary power in Great Britain. Because, probably, the king regarded that event as a necessary consequence of the projected revolution, and that, moreover, it formed a part of his plans, as of his brother's, to combine that important undertaking with the affairs of religion. But Louis had also other views: to promote which he sent the duchess of Orleans to Dover, with instructions to persuade her brother the king, that it was necessary to begin with ruining the republick, before attempting the change of religion in England. These hints displeased the duke of York, who constantly opposed this deviation from the general plan. I must own to you, my Lord, that this MS. has convinced me that I had been often deceived in regard to the character of Charles II. I had, till that time, been of opinion that the careless and what may be called the indifferent disposition of that prince had rendered him incapable of devotion, and that he had all his life fluctuated between deism and popery; but I acknowledge that Lord Halifax had better developed the secret sentiments of Charles, than I had done, when he said that this monarch affected irreligion the better to conceal his zeal for the Catholic faith. His brother informs us, that immediately after the treaty was signed, he assembled his cabinet council, and that he spoke to them of the re-establishment of the Romish religion with so much earnestness

that the tears stood in his eyes. I have often been astonished at the blindness of the two brothers who suffered themselves to be carried away by their religious opinions, so far as to imagine that on the slightest occasion they would be adopted by the clergy and the nobility, in which there can be no doubt but they were extremely mistaken, for the writings of the time make no mention of this disposition of mind. However that might be, the princes believed it, and trusted to it principally for the success of their undertaking.

I shall profit, probably, of a new edition of my history to correct my mistakes on this affair, as well as on sundry others of less importance. While waiting for that time, I am happy in an opportunity of gratifying your lordship's curiosity, and of expressing my acknowlegment for your obliging behaviour towards me ever since I undertook to write the reign of Elizabeth. I shall think myself extremely fortunate if your lordship will furnish me with frequent opportunities of this nature. I cannot at present answer the question which you have put to me, my lord, concerning the Gallery of Fortifications; but immediately on my return to Paris I shall have the honour of informing your lordship on the result of my inquiries.

I have the honour to be, &c.

DAVID HUME.

Louis de Joncourt,
Librarian to the prince of Orange.

SIR F. NORTON.

Upon Sir Fletcher Norton's appointment to be chief justice in eyre, Mr. Burke made him the following compliment: "Your dignity, sir, is too high for a jurisdiction over wild beasts; your learning and talents are too valuable to be wasted in gloomy pomp, as chief justice of a desert. I cannot reconcile it to myself, that you should be stuck up as a useless piece of antiquity."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

On seeing a White Rose, dry and faded, which the preceding evening had been presented by a young Lady.

June 21, 1809.

1

Dear girl, it was only last night,
That you gave me this rose in its bloom;
How delicate then was its white,
How richly it breath'd its perfume!

2
But alas! in one night's little hour
All its beauties are wither'd and dead;
Gone the delicate hues of the flower,
And gone the sweet fragrance it shed!

3
This rose, late so blooming and fair,
Can it e'er be an emblem of thee?
Last night it was what you now are;
What 'tis now, say, can you ever be?

4
The bloom on your cheek, that now glows,
The lustre, that beams from your eye,
Shall that bloom ever fade like the rose?
Shall that lustre e'er languish and die?

5
But the beautiful white rose of truth,
Shall by charms never fading engage,
It blends with the blushes of youth,
And softens the paleness of age.

6
Oh let then this rose, dearest maid,
O'er thy face all its sweetness diffuse;
To me then, thy cheek ne'er shall fade,
Nor thine eye its blue radiance lose.

C.

HYMN.

My God, I thank thee! may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom,
That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
Is earth's pale wanderer doom'd to know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And mid the wreck of human joy
May kneeling faith adore thy will.

A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

I'll tell you, friend, what sort of wife,
Whene'er I scan this scene of life,
  Inspires my waking schemes;
And when I sleep, with form so light,
Dances before my ravish'd sight,
  In sweet aerial dreams.

The rose its blushes need not lend,
Nor yet the lily with them blend,
  To captivate my eyes.
Give me a cheek, the heart obeys,
And, sweetly mutable, displays
  Its feelings, as they rise;

Features, where pensive, more than gay,
Save when a rising smile doth play,
  The sober thought you see;
Eyes, that all soft and tender seem,
And kind affections round them beam,
  But most of all on me;

A form, though not of finest mould,
Where yet a something you behold,
  Unconsciously doth please;
Manners, all graceful without art,
That to each look and word impart
  A modesty and ease.

But still her air, her face, each charm,
Must speak a heart with feeling warm,
  And mind inform the whole;
With mind her mantling cheek must glow,
Her voice, her beaming eye must show
  An all-inspiring soul.

Ah! could I such a being find,
And were her fate to mine but join'd
  By Hymen's silken tye,
To her myself, my all I'd give,
For her alone delighted live,
  For her consent to die.

Whene'er by anxious gloom oppress'd,
On the soft pillow of her breast
  My aching head I'd lay;
At her sweet smile each care should cease,
Her kiss infuse a balmy peace,
  And drive my griefs away.

In turn, I'd soften all her care,
Each thought, each wish, each feeling share;
  Should sickness e'er invade,

My voice should sooth each rising sigh,
My hand the cordial should supply;
I'd watch beside her bed.

Should gath'ring clouds our sky deform,
My arms should shield her from the storm;
And, were its fury hurl'd,
My bosom to its bolts I'd bare,
In her defence undaunted dare
Defy th' opposing world.

Together should our prayers ascend,
Together humbly would we bend,
To praise the Almighty name:
And when I saw her kindling eye
Beam upwards to her native sky,
My soul should catch the flame.

Thus nothing should our hearts divide,
But on our years serenely glide,
And all to love be given:
And, when life's little scene was o'er,
We'd part, to meet and part no more,
But live and love in heaven. C.

If the following Ode be read with that enthusiasm, which, we think, it cannot fail to excite, its minute defects will escape observation. It was not until the third reading, that we found that the first line has no correspondent in rhyme or measure. We should be glad frequently to enrich our pages with the lines of a muse who can claim some kindred with him, of whom Horace says:

Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
Quem super notas aluere ripas,
Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore.

OCCASIONAL ODE.

First of all created things,
God's eldest born, Oh tell me, Time!
E'er since within that car of thine,
Drawn by those steeds, whose speed divine,
Through ev'ry state and ev'ry clime,
Nor pause nor rest has known;
'Mong'st all the scenes long since gone by,
Since first thou op'd'st thy closeless eye,
Did its scar'd glances ever rest
Upon a vision so unblest,
So fearful as our own?

If thus thou start'st in wild affright
At what thyself hast brought to light,
Oh yet relent! nor still unclose
New volumes vast of human woes.

Thy bright and bounteous brother, yonder Sun,
Whose course coeval still with thine doth run,
Sick'ning at the sights unholy,
Frightful crime, and frantick folly,
By thee, presumptuous! with delight
Forc'd upon his awful sight,
Abandons half his regal right,
And yields the hated world to Night.
And e'en when through the honour'd day
He still benignly deigns to sway,
High o'er th' horizon prints his burnish'd tread,
Oft calls his clouds,
With sable shrouds,
To hide his glorious head!

And Luna, of yet purer view,
His sister and his regent too,
Beneath whose mild and sacred reign
Thou dar'st display thy deeds profane,
Pale and appall'd, has frown'd her fears,
Or veil'd her brightness in her tears.
While all her starry court, attendant near,
Only glance, and disappear.

But Thou, relentless! not in thee
These horrours wake humanity:
Though Sun, and Moon, and Stars combin'd,
Ne'er did it change thy fatal mind,
Nor e'er thy wayward steps retrace,
Nor e'er restrain thy coursers' race,
Nor e'er efface the blood thou'd'st shed,
Nor raise to life the murder'd dead.

Is't not enough, thou spoiler, tell!
That, subject to thy stern behest,
The might of ancient empire fell,
And sunk to drear and endless rest?
Fall'n is the Roman eagle's flight,
The Grecian glory sunk in night;
And prostrate arts and arms no more withstand;
Those own thy Vandal flame, and these thy conq'ring hand.
Then be destruction's sable banner furl'd,
Nor wave its shadows o'er the modern world!

In vain the pray'r. Still opens wide,
Renew'd each former tragick scene
Of Time's dark drama; while beside
Grief and Despair their vigils keep;
And Mem'ry only lives to weep
The mould'ring dust of WHAT HAS BEEN.
How nameless now the once fam'd earth,
That gave to KOSCIUSCO birth,
The pillar'd realm that proudly stood,
Propp'd by his worth, cemented by his blood.

As towers the Lion of the wood
O'er all surrounding living things,
So, 'mid the herd of vulgar kings,
The dauntless DALECARLIAN stood.
"Pillow'd by flint, by damps enclos'd,"
Upon the mine's cold lap repos'd,
Yet firm he follow'd freedom's plan;
"Dar'd with eternal Night reside,
"And threw Inclemency aside,"
Conq'rour of Nature as of Man!
And earn'd by toils unknown before,
Of blood and death, the crown he wore.
That radiant crown, whose flood of light
Illumin'd once a nation's sight,
Spirit of Vasa! this its doom?
Gleams in a dungeon's living tomb!

Where'er the frighten'd mind can fly,
But nearer ruins meet her eye.
Ah! not Arcadia's pictur'd scene
Could more the poet's dream engage,
Nor manner's more befitting seem
The vision of a golden age,
Than where the chamois lov'd to roam
Through old Helvetia's rugged home;
Where Uri's echoes lov'd to swell
To kindred rocks the name of Tell:
And past'ral girls and rustic swains,
Were simple as their native plains.
Nor mild alone, but bold, the mind,
The soldier and the shepherd join'd;
The Roman heraldry restor'd;
The crook was quarter'd with the sword.
Their seed-time cheerful labour stor'd;
Plenty pil'd their vintage board;
Peace lov'd their daily fold to keep;
Contentment tranquilliz'd their sleep;
Till through those *giant guards of stone,**
Where Freedom fix'd her "mountain-throne,"
Battle's blood-hounds forc'd their way
And made the *Human Flock* their prey!

Is it Fact, or Fancy tells,
That now another mandate's gone?
Hark, e'en now those fated wheels
Roll the rapid ruin on!
Lo, where the generous and the good,
The heart to feel, the hand to dare;
Iberia pours her noblest blood,
Iberia lifts her holiest prayer!
The while from all her rocks and vales
Her peasant-bands by thousands rise;

* The Alps.

Their altar is their native plains,
Themselves, the willing sacrifice.
While HE, the "strangest birth of time,"
Red with gore, and grim with crime,
Whose fate more prodigies attend,
And in whose course more terrours blend,
And o'er whose birth more portents lower,
Than ever crown'd,
In lore renown'd,
The Macedonian's natal hour!
Now here, now there, he takes his stand,
The 'stablish'd earth his footsteps jar;
Goads to the fight his vassal-band,
While ebbs or flows, at his command,
The torrent of the war!

Could the bard, whose powers sublime
Scal'd the heights of epick glory,
And render'd in immortal rhyme
Of Rome's disgrace the blushing story;
Where, form'd of treason and of woes,
Pharsalia's gory Genius rose;
Might he again
Renew the strain,
That once his truant Muse had charm'd,
Each foreign tone
Unwak'd had lain;
And patriot Spain,
And Spain alone
The Spaniard's patriot heart had warm'd!

Then had the chords proclaim'd no more
His deeds, *his* death renown'd of yore;
* Who, when each ling'ring hope was slain,
And Freedom fought with Fate in vain,
Lone in the city, 'reft of all,
While Usurpation storm'd the wall,
The tyrant's entrance scorn'd to see,
But died with dying Liberty.

Those chords had rais'd the local strain;
That Bard a filial flight had ta'en;
Forgot all else; the ancient past,
Thick in oblivion's mists o'ercast,
Or past and present both combin'd
Within the graspings of his mind;
In what now is, view'd what hath been;
The dead, within the living seen:
Own'd transmigration's strange control,
In Spaniards own'd the *Cato-soul;*
And wail'd in tones of martial grief,
The valiant band and hero-chief,

* The younger Cato.

Who shar'd in Saragossa's doom,
And made *their Utica*, their tomb.
Bright be the am'ranth of their fame!
May Palafox a Lucan claim!

That Bard no more had fill'd his rhymes,
With Caesar's greatness, Caesar's crimes;
Another Caesar wak'd the string,
Alike usurper, traitor, king.
Another Caesar? rashly said!
Forgive the falsehood, mighty shade!
'Mong'st Julius' treasons, still we know
The faithful friend, the gen'rous foe;
And even *enmity could see
Some virtues of humanity.

But thou! by what accursed name
Shall we denote thy features here?
In records of infernal Fame
Where shall we find thy black compeer?
Thou, whose perfidious might of mind
Nor Pity moves, nor faith can bind;
Whose friends, whose followers vainly crave
That trust which should reward the brave;
Whose foes, 'mid tenfold War's alarms,
Dread more thy treachery than thine arms.
The Ishmaelite, 'mid deserts bred,
Who robs at last whom first he fed,
The midnight murd'rer of the guest
With whom he shar'd the morning's feast,
This Arab wretch, compar'd with thee,
Is honour and humanity!

And shall that proud, that ancient land,
In treasure rich, in pageant grand,
Land of romance, where sprang of old
Adventures strange, and champions bold,
Of holy faith, and gallant fight,
And banner'd hall, and armour'd knight,
And tournament, and minstrelsy,
The NATIVE LAND OF CHIVALRY!
Shall all these "blushing honours" bloom
For Corsica's detested son?
These ancient worthies own his sway,
The upstart fiend of yesterday?
Oh, for the kingly sword and shield
That once the victor monarch sped,
What time from Pavia's trophied field
The royal Frank was captive led!
May Charles's laurels, gain'd for you,
Ne'er, Spaniards, on your brows expire;

* Addis. Cato.

..... "His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are Caesar's."

Nor the degenerate sons subdue
The conq'rors of their nobler sire.

None higher 'mid the zodiack-line
Of sovereigns and of saints you claim,
Than fair Castilia's star could shine,
And brighten down the sky of fame.
Wise, magnanimous, refin'd,
Accomplish'd friend of human-kind,
Who first the Genoese sail unfurl'd,
The mighty mother of an infant world,
Illustrious Isabel! Shall thine,
Thy children, kneel at Gallia's shrine!
No: rise, thou venerated shade,
In heaven's own armour bright array'd,
Like Pallas to her Grecian band;
Nerve every heart and every hand;
Pervious or not to mortal sight,
Still guard thy gallant offspring's right,
Display thine Ægis from afar,
And lend a thunderbolt to war!

God of battles! from thy throne,
God of vengeance, aid their cause:
Make it, conq'ring one, thine own!
'Tis faith, and liberty, and laws.
'Tis for these they pour their blood;
The cause of man.....the cause of God!
Not now avenge, all-righteous power,
Peruvia's red and ruin'd hour:
Nor mangled Montezuma's head;
Nor Guatamozin's burning bed;
Nor give the guiltless up to fate,
For Cortes' crimes, Pizarro's hate!
Thou, who behold'st, enthron'd afar,
Beyond the vision of the keenest star,
Far thro' creation's ample round,
The universe's utmost bound;
Where war in other shape appears,
The destin'd plague of other spheres;
Other Napoleons arise
To stain the earth and cloud the skies;
And other realms in martial ranks succeed,
Fight like Iberians, like Iberians bleed!
If an end is e'er design'd
The dire destroyers of mankind;
O be some seraphim assign'd,
To breathe it to the patriot mind!
What Brutus, bright in arms array'd,
What Cordè bares the righteous blade?
Or if the vengeance, not our own,
Be sacred to *thy* arm alone;

When shall be sign'd the blest release
And wearied worlds refresh'd with peace?
O could the muse but dare to rise
Far o'er these low and clouded skies,
Above the threefold heaven to soar
And in thy very sight implore!
In vain....While angels veil them there,
While faith half fears to lift her prayer,
The glance profane *shall fancy* dare?
Yet there around, a fearful band,
Thy ministers of vengeance stand.
Lo, at thy bidding stalks the storm;
The lightning takes a local form;
The floods erect their hydra head;
The pestilence forsakes his bed;
Intolerable light appears to wait;
And far-off darkness stands in awful state!

For thee, oh Time!
If still thou speed'st thy march of crime,
'Gainst all that's beauteous or sublime;
Still prov'st thyself the sworn ally,
And author of mortality;
Infuriate earth, too long supine,
Whilst demon-like thou lov'dst to ride,
Ending every work beside,
Shall live to see the end of thine,
Her great revenge shall see!
By prayer shall move th' Almighty power
To antedate that final hour,
When the archangel firm shall stand,
Upon the ocean and the land;
His crown, a radiant rainbow sphere,
His echoes seven-fold thunders near,
The last dread fiat shall proclaim:
Shall swear by *His* tremendous name,
Who form'd the earth, the heavens, and sea,
TIME *shall no longer be!*

June 30.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR

SEPTEMBER, 1809.

Librum tuum legi, et quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quae commutanda, quae eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.

PLIN.

ART. 9.

Report of the committee appointed by the general assembly of the state of Rhode-Island and Providence Plantations, at the February session, A. D. 1809, *to inquire into the situation of the Farmers' Exchange Bank, in Gloucester, with the documents accompanying the same. Published by order of the general assembly, March sessions,* 1809.

THE improvements of machinery in the arts, since the days when the nymphs of antiquity spun with a distaff, can only be surpassed by the modern system of exchange, compared with those times, when the skin and the flesh of an animal were given for each other, and both were bartered for the gifts of Ceres or Bacchus, as the rude wants of mankind demanded. The introduction of stamped bits of gold and silver was a noble improvement, and satisfied nations for a long period of time. But the love of money is a passion *that grows by what it feeds on;* and it became necessary to multiply, artificially, the pecuniary wealth of mankind, till a system of finance has been gradually matured into so vast a scheme, that much study is requisite to its comprehension, and converted into such a labyrinth, that none but the initiated dare to enter it. The business of banking has at last in this, as in another country, *come home to men's business and bosoms;* and it now behoves every one to attempt at least to gain some knowledge of the metaphysical, as well as the solid qualities of money.

The prodigious increase of commerce in Great Britain, consequent to the disasters of other nations, occasioned by the wars of the French revolution, brought into operation a great number of country banks, the establishment of which was encourag-

ed by Mr. Pitt. The same cause has produced a similar effect here, at a later period. Though founded on less real capital, the failures among our banks have been fewer, than among those of England; which is not owing to their having been better conducted, but to our unlimited confidence in paper money, and, till within these two years, a more steadily progressive prosperity. The distressed state into which the country was recently thrown, joined to the enormous abuses of some corporations, has rather tardily brought on a scene of confusion and distrust, that involves many of the innocent with the guilty. It will however produce eventual good, by confining the circulation of bills within their own district, and preventing for the future a corporation two hundred miles distant, with a fund of an hundred thousand dollars, from issuing bills to twice that amount, and fairly displacing in their own immediate market the bills of the banks in the metropolis, which are unable to circulate more than a tenth or a fifteenth of their capital.

The Farmers' Exchange Bank in Rhode Island, whose extensive impositions and failure first checked and turned the currents of bank bills back on their sources, was incorporated in 1804, to possess a capital of one hundred thousand dollars in two thousand shares. The committee report, that, when the bank commenced its operations, "the capital stock really paid in amounted to only the sum of three thousand and eighty one dollars and eleven cents." After some novel transactions in banking, the stock and the direction of its concerns were acquired by an individual, and we are informed, that "all his schemes and plans, however wild and extravagant, were carried into execution without reserve; that those of the directors who still pretended to superintend the concerns of the bank, took no care whatever to guard the interest of the stockholders, or the publick." The result may be easily imagined, and may be found in the words of the committee: "There is now in said bank eighty-six dollars and forty-eight cents in specie;" and "on the 9th of February, A. D. 1809, there had been emitted by said bank, six hundred and forty thousand eight hundred and forty three dollars of their bills, according to their books. That, owing to the extreme confusion in which their mode of keeping their accounts has involved all their transactions, it is impossible to ascertain with precision the amount of their bills now in circulation, but, from the inquiries and the examination made by the committee, they are of opinion, that the bills of said bank now in circulation amount to the enormous sum of five hundred and eighty thousand dollars."

The depositions and correspondence, annexed to the report, are curious documents; and shew the rude nature of the machinery and the bungling manner in which it was managed behind the curtain. Surely, after reading these, if the publick will continue to believe that every bit of printed paper, indiscriminately, is as valuable, as it pretends to be, merely because the words

bank and *dollars*, are printed on it, they would easily have believed what lord Peter required of his companions, that *a brown loaf was a shoulder of Leadenhall mutton.* The bills were at last signed fifty thousand at a time, and requested to be got ready at a stated *hour ;* they were transmitted from the bank to Boston, packed up in boxes; and it is of a piece with the rest of the transactions, that in different instances the person who opens them in Boston finds a less amount than is forwarded by the cashier. This latter seems to have been a conscientious dupe, who occasionally made wry faces, but who, when he is harassed and sick, is gravely told, "that his natural piety of mind and regular habits will do more towards his recovery than any medical advice."

Our object in noticing this pamphlet was not so much the purpose of analyzing its disgusting details, as to offer a few remarks on a subject, which has carried distress and embarrassment, in a greater or less degree, into every dwelling in the commonwealth. We shall first make a few statements of the capital, specie, and circulating notes of the banks, at different periods, derived from the returns made to the secretary's office, and published semi-annually by order of the legislature; premising that as we have but few of the returns by us at the moment, we cannot make all the comparative statements that are necessary to an intimate knowledge of the subject. They will still be sufficient to furnish matter for some reflection. In doing this we shall drop all denominations below *thousands*, and abandon the hundreds, tens and units, as the Spaniards do the *Cahidas* of their fleeces, for the benefit of souls in purgatory, a state which, even in this protestant country, most men have a pretty good earnest of, while they are uncertain whether their notes have been discounted or renewed.

In 1804, the capital stock of our sixteen banks was five millions, four hundred and eighty three thousand dollars; their notes in circulation, three millions, one hundred and three thousand dollars; their specie, one million, five hundred and fifty nine thousand dollars, including seventy four thousand dollars in bills belonging to banks out of the state. Of the notes in circulation, one million, one hundred and ninety four thousand dollars were issued by the banks in the capital; and of the specie six hundred and six thousand dollars were in their possession; and their capital amounted to three millions, four hundred thousand dollars.

In 1809, the capital stock of twenty three banks, to which number they had increased, amounted to seven millions, four hundred and ten thousand dollars; their specie in June, 1808, one million, eight hundred and fifty five thousand dollars, including one hundred and forty five thousand dollars in notes of banks out of the state; their bills in circulation, one million, eight hundred and sixty five thousand dollars. The capital stock of the banks in Boston was three millions, eight hundred thousand dollars; their notes in circulation, three hundred and seven-

ty one thousand dollars; and their specie, including thirty three thousand dollars in notes belonging to banks out of the state, was eight hundred and sixty thousand dollars. In January 1809, the notes in circulation amounted to one million, four hundred and forty thousand dollars; the specie, including one hundred and ninety seven thousand dollars of notes belonging to banks out of the state, was one million, one hundred and eighty nine thousand dollars; being six hundred and sixty six thousand dollars less than it was six months before. At this period the notes in circulation of banks in the capital were equal to three hundred and ninety five thousand dollars; their specie, including thirty thousand in bills from other state banks, was equal to three hundred and thirty nine thousand dollars. We shall remark that the branch bank of the United States renders no account, but from being the place of national deposite possesses much greater power, and a commanding influence over the other banks. We are too ignorant of its situation to venture any estimate of its cash account, but the average deposite of specie is so much larger than in the other banks, that, if it was brought into view, it would greatly diminish the apparent disproportion which exists between capital stock of the banks and the specie in the state.

From these data it will be seen, that, when the aggregate of bank capital was five millions, four hundred and eighty three thousand dollars, the notes in circulation were equal to more than half this capital; that the specie amounted to more than half the amount of their bills; that the banks in Boston, possessing about three fifths of the bank capital, issued rather more than one third of the whole amount of notes, and possessed nearly two fifths of the specie.

When the capital of bank stock was increased to seven millions, four hundred and ten thousand dollars, at the latest return in January 1809, and the most unfavourable one for them, the notes in circulation amounted to about one sixth of the capital, and the specie to rather more than one seventh. At the same time the notes circulated by the Boston banks amounted to less than one tenth, and the specie they possessed to one eleventh of their capital.

It appears, that, in 1809, when the bank capital had been increased to seven millions, four hundred and ten thousand dollars, the notes in circulation were less by one million, six hundred and sixty three thousand dollars, and the specie less by three hundred and seventy thousand dollars; and that in five years, when the bank capital had been increased two fifths, the paper and metallick medium of circulation had been diminished two millions and thirty three thousand dollars! This decrease would have been still greater, if the distant country banks had not profligately forced into the market as many of their bills as possible. The conclusions are obvious.

From an examination of the returns it appears further, that the banks in the metropolis and the county of Essex, and two

or three others only, loan either less than their capital, or a sum exceeding it only by one fourth; while one of the Nantucket banks loaned more than double its capital, and the other, and the Lincoln and Kennebeck, the Hallowell and Augusta, and the Penobscot banks nearly double the amount of their capitals. The deposites in the Boston and Essex banks amount to one third, one half, and sometimes nearly equal their capital; the deposites in some of the country banks atthe same period amounting to only a two hundredth part of their capital. The banks in Boston and Essex declare a semi-annual dividend of from three to four per cent. while the Nantucket banks and some others divide from five to five and an half per cent.

The limits of our work will not permit us to investigate minutely this intricate subject, but we shall add a few plain, general observations. It will be felt ere long, if it be not already, that to carry on the banking business, securely, honourably and profitably, something more is necessary, than merely copying from the statute book a form of incorporation, filling up the blanks at discretion, obtaining a little specie to cheat the law and begin with decency, signing bills and loaning money.

The introduction of banks is one of the most brilliant and powerful improvements of modern finance; and from the bank of Venice, established about the middle of the twelfth century, and which furnished the groundwork for all the others, every commercial nation has resorted to their agency. The bank of Amsterdam was long the wonder of Europe; but it has been eclipsed by the bank of England, a company of vastly more consequence and utility to the government, than the East India Company, and whose assistance indeed, in the present complicated system of their finances, they could not possibly forego.

Under different forms, the great publick banks, in actively commercial countries in Europe, are founded on the principle of a discretionary power in emitting specie. Even Great Britain, with her astonishing resources, was obliged to adopt the same system, and, to relieve the nation from anxiety under a perpetual menace of ruin, to order a suspension of payments in specie at the bank. By this bold and wise measure security was at once given to the currency of the kingdom, and the paper of the bank formed a medium as valuable as gold, to support the operations of the private bankers. Without this measure, a sudden panick or groundless alarm would have produced immediate ruin. If the bank, as it has been observed, "in such a period issued only one million of one pound notes, they would be sufficient to drain it, in one month, of fifty millions sterling." This, if it was, considering the opinions of men, one of the boldest acts of Mr. Pitt's ministry, was certainly one of the wisest and most indispensable.

The banking system among us must, to insure stability, proceed on other principles, than those by which it has hitherto been conducted. The bank of the United States and the Mas-

sachusetts bank are beyond the control of the legislature; but all the other establishments will fall in within the period of a few years. With a view to that period let a system be prepared, that shall be an object of state patronage. Let a capital, which the wants of commerce fairly demand, be established in the metropolis, with branches in four or five principal commercial towns. That this may not be invidious, the number of shares to be taken by original subscribers may be restricted, and the state, by deriving an annual income, or a *bonus* for the charter, should reduce its dividends to such a point, that the gentry, who have been dividing 5 per cent. semiannually, will not hanker for any concern in it. The property of corporate bodies and annuitants will always prefer such a stock. The charters of all other banks should only be granted on the condition, that all the stockholders, or at least the President and Directors, should be liable in their individual capacity, to the amount of their whole property, for the redemption of their bills. These they should be held to pay at sight, in specie or in bills of the State bank. Nor can this last regulation be esteemed unequal, or unnecessary. The State bank should have a capital decidedly within the real demands of the country; its dividends should be so reduced, as to be principally coveted by corporate bodies, annuitants, or great capitalists; while its regulated emission would afford a stable medium to facilitate the operations of smaller banks. The objection, that the bills of a bank, not obliged to pay specie, would be only a paper money, and without credit, is evidently unfounded; since its payments or non payments of specie, according to the quantity existing in the market, would result from a useful and salutary discretion for the publick; and being limited much within the real wants of the community and enjoying the protection of government, its bills would serve to prevent dangerous and violent vibrations in the specie market. By an institution of this kind, but, we repeat it, confined within moderate bounds, the security of the circulating medium would be greatly assured, and could only be shaken by an almost impossible event, a state bankruptcy. Without a system on these principles, every commercial community is subject to the most violent and sudden convulsions, particularly during a state of war, whenever fraud, folly, or rivalship, aided by circumstances, can create a jealousy, or spread a panick.

The great difference, and a vital one it is, between the country banks here and in England, is, that there the individuals are capitalists, who lend money and circulate notes no faster than they are able to redeem them, as the moment they get to the metropolis, they are sent back for payment. No complaints are made on this account, much less an indictment by a jury of the individual presenting them, as a public nuisance; as happened not long since in the dominions of our sister Vermont, an occurrence, by the way, for profligate impudence, or gross simplicity, fairly unequalled. But here, the bankers themselves,

having placed a trifling stake in the institution, issue notes not in proportion to their capital, but to the utmost stretch of publick credulity, and then borrow money themselves; and the only difficulty that arises is in apportioning the shares of plunder. If the bank fails, they lose the amount of their shares!

There is another evil, which under the present system takes place, and is a serious imposition on the publick, we allude to the circulation of bills under five dollars. By the last return, these amounted to 69,000 dollars, in bills of this state, and till lately, there was a very considerable addition in bills from other states. Many of these must be destroyed, and the publick of course defrauded; banks were never instituted to exchange their notes for a turkey, or a quarter of mutton. There are two remedies for this, within the resort of the national government. The first is, to coin only parts of dollars, as these are not sent out of the country. The standard of our silver being fine, our dollars are eagerly caught up in times of difficulty for exportation to Europe, and in ordinary times the China trade is a constant drain. There is another expedient, which even Great Britain with all her wealth was obliged to adopt, which is extremely simple, and may be readily discontinued, whenever the necessity for it ceases. This is the issuing of *metallick bank bills.* To supply the deficiency of her silver currency, she stamped Spanish dollars, with the king's head on one side, and the words Bank of England on the other. They were bought up at four shillings and four pence to four shillings and six pence sterling, and issued at five shillings, at which they were received as part of the currency of the kingdom by the government and the bank; the latter accounted to the former for the profit, and at a future convenient moment they will be redeemed. This scheme also avoids the fatal consequences of debasing the coin, and serves every purpose, as the increased nominal value prevents their being melted down, or exported. We think the issuing two or three millions of Spanish dollars in this way, at the bank of the United States, under the pledge and sanction of the government, would afford them a loan without interest, and add greatly to the publick convenience and gain by the expulsion of small bills.

Perhaps it would be a useful regulation under any new system of banking, to allow the directors a fair compensation, and to prevent them from obtaining any loans, or restrict them to the amount of their capital stock. Some clamour has been caused, whether justly we do not know, by the assertion, that some directors, who are not actively engaged in commerce, are large debtors to the banks, whose capacity in the discounting of notes is thus narrowed; and that individuals presenting notes for discount, are sometimes obliged to make sacrifices to raise money, which they obtain at extravagant premiums through the means of brokers from these same directors. We have been assured from the best authority, that practices still more censurable have been known in some parts of the country; that a

usury so grinding and enormous has been exercised, as would make even the tenants of *Change Alley* recoil and talk of their conscience.

We know this subject of usury is a delicate one, and from the number who practise it, with capitals of one thousand or one million of dollars, we might perhaps say it is a popular one. A practice that has been always denounced and proscribed in all laws human and divine must be an infamous one. It has, in every country but this, been confined to the outcasts of society. It has here been ripened into a disease that has gangrened the whole course of money transactions. Its advocates contend for leaving money to have its price like merchandise. This would be like a man's making use of his house, as well as his fuel, to light his fires, and a parallel to the conduct of a certain philosopher, who, in order to preserve his essential resources, made those resources his weapons of warfare, and when his head was attacked, thrust his hands into his pockets, and defended the noblest part with the part itself, finding a precedent in the *economies* of nature, in the wise practices of bulls and rams. No, usury should even less be suffered than publick brothels or gaming houses. We think however, that the rising indignation of the publick, and the increasing contempt of upright merchants and liberal men will eradicate the evil; and cowardice will operate on those, who are beyond the reach of all other feeling.

The vulgar have been clamorous against the money changers, and to suppose that they have not profited, some of them at least, unfairly, in the disgraceful scenes which have taken place, would be a great stretch of charity. But they are only excrescences generated on the surface by the disordered state of our banking system, which will drop off and perish of course, whenever health is restored by a moderate and free circulation. The liberality, or, more correctly, the rapacity of the traders and shopkeepers of Boston, by receiving and circulating every ragged bit of paper that was offered to them, has given a full trial to the system; and the ignorant or unprincipled directors of certain banks have lent money, issued notes, and divided ten per cent. but they have in their avidity, killed the hen that laid the golden eggs.

One other remark we had almost forgot. The banks should, in all cases, be held to pay the bills presented to them, purporting to be theirs, whether forged or not; because it is only justice that the people should not suffer from frauds, which would not exist but by their institutions, and as they derive a profit from a license to issue their paper, they ought to prevent the publick from experiencing any loss. Policy as well as justice requires this regulation. The business of police is fortunately incompatable with the nature of our government, and is always clumsily and ineffectually managed; individuals succeed better, and do not endanger constitutional principles. If the banks had been obliged to pay all forged bills, and the duty of detecting forgers

made their immediate interest, we venture to say, that there would not be one existing without the walls of the state prison. If a man presents a forged bill at the bank in England, no matter what his appearance may be, the clerks say nothing, but delay him for a few moments between one and the other, till a police officer is brought to take possession of him. A reference to any respectable person, and an account of the manner of his receiving the bill, whose value is paid to him if he came by it honestly, forms the only trouble he encounters. The bank afterwards traces the affair, and generally nips felony in the bud. A provision of this kind is not only due to the security of the publick, but would ultimately promote the interest of the banks.

ART. 10.

THE NAVIGATOR: containing directions for navigating the Monongahela, Allegheny, Ohio, and Mississippi rivers, &c. with an account of Louisiana, and of the Missouri and Columbia rivers. Cramer & Spear, Pittsburg, 1808, 12mo. Ed. 6. 156 pages.

"INEST SUA GRATIA PARVIS." This little book, though designed only for "the use of those who navigate or trade on the Western waters," contains a great variety of original and authentick information, which cannot fail to render it very acceptable and interesting to all who wish to become acquainted with the geography of our country. The repute in which it is held by those who are best able to ascertain its correctness and importance, is evinced by its having gone through six editions since the year 1801. Besides a particular description of the noble RIVERS which flow through the extensive regions beyond the Allegheny mountains, from their sources to their discharge at New Orleans, the writer has given a circumstantial account of all the TOWNS and SETTLEMENTS in their vicinity; and interspersed occasional remarks upon the ANTIQUITIES discovered in the wilds, "the vestiges of a people of whom time has left no other memorial." The volume is also enriched with thirteen maps, engraved on wood, of the size of the page, very accurately delineated: "those of the Ohio taken from actual survey; and those of the Mississippi, partly from surveys, and partly from private charts."

Would our limits permit, we should be gratified with making large extracts, but must content ourselves with only a few as specimens of the work.

"The trade carried on between the lakes and the Ohio, by way of the Allegheny and its branches, is at this time very considerable, and must in a few years become of great importance. There are about 4000 or 5000 barrels, and sometimes more, of Onondago salt brought down to Pittsburgh annually, worth per barrel 9 dollars, making an average of about 40,000 dollars worth of traffick in this one article. Exclusive of the article salt, there are an immense number of boards, shingles, and lumber of different kinds,

floated down to Pittsburgh and the country below on the Ohio. The quantity of boards and lumber that arrive yearly at Pittsburgh from the Allegheny, is supposed to be about 3,000,000 feet, averaging about 9 dollars per 1000 feet, amounting to 27,000 dollars; this added to the amount of the salt, makes the handsome sum in domestick trade of 67,000 dollars.

In return the keel boats ascend loaded with whiskey, iron and castings, cider, apples, bacon, and many other articles of home production—and merchandize of foreign importation.—As long as the water keeps good, that is, neither too high nor too low, boats are ascending and descending continually, making a trip up in about 17 days, and down in 5 days."

"PITTSBURGH, is delightfully situated at the head of the Ohio river, on the plain or point of land formed by the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers; the former running from the Northeast, and the latter from the Southwest, making an angle where they unite of about 33 degrees. On the point stood the old French garrison known by the name of Fort Du Quesne, which was evacuated and blown up by the French in the campaign of the British under general Forbes in 1758. The appearance of the ditch and mound, with its salient angles and bastions are still to be seen."

"Fort Pitt, being included in one of the manors of the Penn family, was sold by the proprietaries, and now makes a part of the town of Pittsburgh, though its banks and ditches form a considerable obstruction to its being regularly built on, and very much spoil the beauty of the view from the head of Liberty and Penn streets to the Monongahela river."

"Fort Fayette, the present garrison, built in the year 1792, is also within the borough, and stands on the Allegheny river. It answers as a place of deposit, and for the convenience of stationing soldiers destined down the Ohio, and Mississippi; as a place of defence it is useless."

"In the year 1760, a small town, called Pittsburgh, was built near Fort Pitt, and about 200 families resided in it; but upon the Indian war breaking out in May 1763, they abandoned their houses and retired into the Fort."

"The bottom or plain on which Pittsburgh stands, would seem, from circumstances to have been *made ground*, and the Allegheny river to have once washed the base of Grant's hill; but through time and accident, found its way by small progressions, from that hill to its present bed. There are two rises, or what are called *first* and *second banks*, running parallel with that river, which would seem to have once formed its Eastern margin. These elevations make beautiful situations for either gardens or buildings.—In digging wells in the town, the various kinds of sand and gravel are found as appear on the beaches and in the beds of the rivers; pieces of wood and strata of dirt and leaves are also frequently discovered eight or ten feet below the surface. The Allegheny is now working itself back again. It has washed away about 50 or 60 feet of ground on its eastern bank within 30 years."

"This plain which is of a rich sandy loam, is about half a mile in width from the Allegheny to the point of Grant's hill, its widest part; thence up that river it gets narrower, until about four miles, where the hill closes to the river bank. But the town may extend as far as the Two Mile run; the bottom that distance is spacious, and well calculated for building on. It is now enclosed in orchards, meadows and grain fields, and produces fine crops of each."

"The present town of Pittsburgh was first laid out in the year 1765; it was afterwards laid and surveyed in May, 1784, by Col. George Woods, by order of Tench Francis, Esq. Attorney for John Penn, Jun. and John Penn. The beauty and very commanding situation of the place has increased its buildings, population and business, beyond all calculations. It now contains about 500 dwellings, the greater number perhaps wood, some stone, and many elegantly built with brick, two and three stories high. The publick buildings, are: A large and spacious court house handsomely built with

brick ; a large brick market house ; these are placed in the publick square having market street running between them : a stone jail; a bank, established here January 1, 1804, being a branch of the Pennsylvania bank, also of stone ; a large stone house on the bank of the Monongahela, four stories high, built by the Evans's of Philadelphia, for a steam grist and paper mill, not yet in motion ; a handsome octagon Episcopal church ; a handsome and spacious Presbyterian church ; a Covenanter's, German Lutheran, and a Roman Catholick church, and an academy, all of brick ; a large and convenient frame ware-house, for the storage of goods at the end of Wood street, on the bank of the Monongahela, built and owned by Mr. Thomas Cromwell."

" Pittsburgh is the seat of justice for Allegheny co. Pa. and has, with justice, been emphatically called the key to the Western Country. It is 300 miles W. by N. of Philadelphia, 252 from Washington city, about 335 from Lexington, K. and about 1100 from New Orleans by land, though 2000 by water. It is in lat. 40° 35′ N. long 80° 38′ W. being about five degrees Westward of Philadelphia."

" MARIETTA, is finely situated at the mouth of Muskingum, having about 90 houses on the upper and 30 on the opposite bank, where Fort Harmar formerly stood. A bank was established here in the summer of 1807, capital 100,000 dollars, of which Rufus Putnam is President. Ship building is carried on here with spirit.—It has one printing office, a post office, 2 rope walks, a court and market house, and an academy. The inhabitants are principally New Englanders, whose industry is as proverbial as their system of life is economical, moral and religious. About a mile above Marietta and on the bank of the Muskingum are some curious remains of Indian fortifications. Marietta is the seat of justice for Washington county, Ohio, Lat. 39° 34′ N. Long. 82° 9′ W.—About 146 miles southwest of Pittsburgh by land."

" BLANNERHASSET'S ISLAND.—'On ascending the bank from the landing, (a quarter of a mile below the eastern end,) we entered at a handsome double gate, with hewn stone square pilasters, a gravel walk, which led us about 150 paces to the house, with a meadow on the left, and a shrubbery on the right, separated by a low hedge of privy-sally, through which innumerable columbines and various other hardy flowers were displaying themselves to the sun. The house is built of wood, and occupies a square of about 54 feet each side, is two stories high, and in just proportion ; it is connected with two wings, by a semicircular portico or corridor running from each front corner. The shrubbery well stocked with flowering shrubs, and all the variety of evergreens natural to this climate, as well as several exotics, surrounds the garden, and has gravel walks labyrinth fashion winding through it. The garden is not large, but seems to have had every delicacy of fruit, vegetable and flower, which this fine climate and luxurious soil produces. In short Blannerhasset's Island is a most charming retreat for any man of fortune fond of retirement, and it is a situation perhaps not exceeded for beauty in the world. It wants however the variety of mountain—precipice—cataract—distant prospect, &c. which constitute the grand and sublime.'

Tour from Philadelphia, &c.
An original work preparing for press."

From the same unpublished Tour is the following description of CHILICOTHE, the capital of the State of Ohio.

"CHILICOTHE, which signifies *town* in the Indian dialect, is most beautifully situated on the banks of the Scioto, about forty five miles by land, and nearly seventy following the meanders of the river from its confluence with the Ohio, which it joins between Portsmouth and Alexandria.—In all that distance, the river has a gentle current, and unimpeded navigation for large keels and other craft of four feet draught of water.—It continues navigable

for smaller boats and batteaux upwards of one hundred miles above the town towards its source to the Northward, gliding gently through a naturally rich, level, and rapidly improving country. The situation of the town is on an elevated and extensive plain of nearly ten thousand acres of as fine a soil as any in America, partly in cultivation, and partly covered with its native forests. This plain is nearly surrounded by the Scioto, which turning suddenly to the N. E, from its general Southerly course, leaves the town to the Southward of it, and then forms a great bend to the Eastward and Southward."

"Water street, which runs about E. by N. parallel to the Scioto, is half a mile long and contains ninety houses—It is eighty four feet wide and would be a fine street, had not the river floods caved in the bank in one place near the middle almost into the centre of it. There is now a lottery on foot to raise money for securing the bank against any further encroachments of the river. Main street parallel to Water street, is one hundred feet wide, as is Market street, which crosses both at right angles, and in which is the Market house, a neat brick building eighty feet long.—The Court house in the same street, is neatly built of free stone on an area of forty five by forty two feet, with a semicircular projection in the rear, in which is the bench for the judges. It has an octagonal belfry rising from the roof, painted white with green lattices, which is an ornament to the town, as is the small plain belfry of the Presbyterian Meeting house, a handsome brick building in Main street; in which street also is a small brick Methodist Meeting house. These are the only places of publick worship in the town, if I except the Court house, which is used occasionally by the Episcopalians and other Sects."

"The whole number of dwelling houses as I counted them in Chilicothe is two hundred and two, besides four brick, and a few framed ones now building. I reckoned only six taverns with signs, which small proportion of houses of that description speaks volumes in favour of the place. There are fourteen stores, a Post office, and two printing offices, which each issues a gazette weekly."

"The scite of the town being on a gravelly soil, the streets are generally clean.—The houses are of free stone, brick, or timber clapboarded, the first of which is got in the neighbourhood, is of a whitish brown colour, and excellent for building.—They are mostly very good, and are well painted. On the whole, I think Chilicothe is not exceeded in beauty of plan, situation, or appearance by any town I have seen in the western part of the United States."

"There is here a remarkable Indian monument in Mr. Watchup's garden in the very heart of the town. Like that at Grave creek, it is round at the base, about seventy or eighty feet diameter, but differs from it, by being round instead of flat on the top, which has an elevation of about thirty feet perpendicular from the level of the plain. It is formed of clay, and though it has been perforated by the proprietor nothing has been found to justify the common opinion of these mounts having been barrows or cemeteries.—They talk of having it levelled, as it projects a little into Market Street, but I think it a pity to destroy any of the very few vestiges of aboriginal population which this country presents to the curious and inquisitive traveller."

"From a steep hill about three hundred feet perpendicular height, just outside the Western extremity of the town, is a most charming view, of the streets immediately below, under the eye like a plan on paper: Then the Scioto from one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards wide, winding on the left, with some low hills about two miles beyond it terminating the view to the northeast; while to the eastward and westward, as far as the eye can reach both ways, is spread a country partly flat, and partly rising in gentle swells, which if cultivation proceeds in equal proportion to what it has done since Chilicothe was first laid out about ten years ago, must, in a very short time present one of the finest landscapes imaginable."

Referring to BIG-BONE LICK on the Ohio, it is observed that

"Animals' bones of enormous size have been found here in great numbers. Some skeletons nearly complete were not long since dug up 11 feet under the surface in a stiff blue clay. These appeared to be the bones of different species of animals, but all remarkably large. Some were supposed to be those of the Mammoth, others of a Nondescript. Among these bones, were two horns or fenders, each weighing 150 pounds, 16 feet long, and 18 inches in circumference at the big end; and grinders of the carnivorous kind weighing from 3 to 10 1-2 pound each; and others of the graminivorous species, equally large, but quite differently shaped, being flat and ridged.—Ribs, joints of the backbone, and of the foot or paw, thigh and hip bones, upper jaw-bone, &c. &c. were also found, amounting in the whole to about five tons weight.

These bones were principally discovered by Doctor Goforth and Mr. Reeder of Cincinnati, who sent them by water to Pittsburgh, with an intention to transport them to Philadelphia, and make sale of them to Mr. Peale, proprietor of the Museum of that city. They were however, while in Pittsburgh, discovered by an Irish gentleman, a traveller, who purchased them, reshipped them down the Ohio, and thence to Europe.

In the directions for navigating the Missisippi, with notices of the settlements, is the following description of the CITY OF NATCHEZ:

THE CITY OF NATCHEZ

Occupies a very handsome situation and one that is uncommon on the Mississippi. It is built on a hill nearly perpendicular of about 200 feet in height from the surface of the river. This hill, called the Bluff, affords a fine prospect up and down the river for two or three miles each way. The houses in Natchez are mostly frame, with a great many doors and windows, for the admission of the cool breezes in the hot months; they are low, being generally but one story high, and constructed principally for the convenience of business. The city contains about 300 houses. The Bluff on which the town stands is about 200 yards from the river, and the intermediate space, called the Landing, is covered with a number of dwellings, taverns, dram-shops, and trading houses. The bank being composed of a rich loose sand, the river is constantly making encroachments into this plain or bottom, and will in a few years, most probably, run close to the foot of the Bluff, and entirely annihilate this part of the city.

There is but one road from the Landing up the hill, along which are several Orange and Liquor shops, situated on the brink of the precipice. Though these shops might be undermined by a heavy rain, and precipitated down a steep of 100 feet, yet, such is the temerity of their holders that they do not seem to think of the danger they are in.

In the year 1805, a large portion of the Bluff on the lower border of the town sunk in to a considerable depth; some houses were destroyed, and others moved off with the earth without sustaining any injury.

Here are established several large Mercantile Houses, which are much engaged in the cotton business, and many others less extensive. The city has two printing-offices, issuing weekly gazettes, a number of publick inns, and many of the mechanick branches are carried on.

The staple commodity of this country is cotton, which is raised to great perfection, and with large profits to the Planters, who in fact accumulate immense fortunes to themselves by following it for a few years. Vast quantities of it is exported from Natchez yearly, to the different seaport towns in the United States, and to many of those in Europe; England particularly, whose manufactories of cotton indeed depend very much on the American cotton Planters for their supply of that article.

Indigo, rice, flax, tobacco, hemp, and pease, are cultivated here with great success, and some sugar is made. Black cattle and sheep thrive well. The Natchez country produces Maize or Indian corn, equal if not superiour to any other part of the United States; the time of planting it is from the beginning of March until the beginning of July. The cotton is generally planted in the latter end of February and the beginning of March. Wheat does not succeed well; Rye has been raised in some places with success. Plumbs, peaches, and figs are abundant; apples and cherries are scarce. The same kinds of vegetables raised in the middle states succeed here generally.

The same kind of mounds or tumuli found in different parts of the Western country bordering the Ohio, and indeed throughout the United States, are also discovered in the Natchez settlements. In all parts where new plantations are opened, broken Indian earthen-ware is to be met with; some pieces are in tolerable preservation, and retain distinctly the original ornaments; but none of it appears to have ever been glazed.

Natchez is a port of Entry, and vessels of 300 or 400 tons burden come up the river to the city, meeting with no other difficulty than the strength of the current and head winds. It is in Lat. 31° 33′ N. long. 16° 15′ W. and is about 300 miles above New-Orleans. It has a post-office which receives and discharges the Mail regularly once a week. It is said that a line of stages is soon to be established from Lexington to New Orleans for the purpose of carrying the United States mail.

It is observed that the wool of the sheep in the Natchez district is more hairy and less valuable than it is in the middle states; but that the mutton is well tasted. It is also observed that domestick animals generally are less tame and docile, owing perhaps to their being more able to get their living in the woods and swamps throughout the year, than is afforded them in the middle and northern states; and to their feeling less dependent on man for protection and subsistence.

The tract of good upland in the Natchez district is not very extensive, being about 130 miles in length along the Mississippi river, and not more than 23 in breadth. This tract is remarkably fertile, but the country being high, and much broken with hills, a few years washing will render the soil of the cultivated parts less productive.

The making of sugar from the cane does not succeed very well in the neighbourhood of Natchez; but from Point Coupee down to the Gulph of Mexico, it is manufactured to advantage and is the staple commodity of that part of the Mississippi—Sweet and sour lemons grow in great plenty on that part of the river.

The climate of Natchez is very changeable in winter, but the summers are regularly hot, being about 14° of permanent heat beyond that of Pennsylva- and New-Jersey.

The description of the MISSISSIPPI is a valuable article of several pages; as is also the history of the discovery, settlement, and transfer of LOUISIANA, with its geography, population, &c. but for these we must refer to the book, which appears to much greater advantage in its native unadorned simplicity, than in the prostitute frippery with which it has been bedizened by Thomas Ashe, esquire.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

ART. 3.

An historical account of the Small-Pox inoculated in New-England, &c. &c. by Zabdiel Boylston, F. R. S. *The second edition corrected. London,* 1726. *Reprinted at Boston in* N. E. 1730. pp. 53.

IT may, perhaps, be thought unnecessary, at this period to introduce to our readers a work on the inoculation of the small-pox. The advantages resulting from this practice have been established by the experience of a long series of years, the prejudices against its adoption have gradually disappeared, and the time probably is not far distant, when even the name of small-pox will no longer augment the catalogue of human miseries. Still, however, this pamphlet is interesting, as the production of an American, as an history of what may justly be considered as an epoch in medical science, and as a proof that truths derived from observation and experience will ultimately be acknowledged, though opposed by the clamours of the interested, the fears of the superstitious, and the obstinacy of the ignorant. These obstacles were encountered by Dr. Boylston, his practice was reprobated, and the inhabitants of the same town, which in 1793, voted in favour of a general inoculation, passed a resolve in 1721, that the practice of inoculation was accompanied with extreme danger to the patient, and followed by the most injurious effects on his person and constitution. "I hope the reader," says Dr. Boylston in his preface, "will excuse me for troubling him with some of the difficulties that I met with. I have been basely used and treated by some who were enemies to this method, and have suffered much in my reputation, and in my business too, from the odiums and reflections cast upon me for beginning and carrying on this practice in New-England."

The style of this work is simple, and consists principally of cases of inoculated small-pox, with observations on their progress and termination. The circumstance which first suggested to Dr. B. the possibility of communicating the disease by inoculation, was a paper on the subject, published a short time before in the Philosophical Transactions, and he gives the following history of its introduction into New-England.

"The small-pox, which had been a terrour to New-England, since first it paid a visit there, coming into Boston, and spreading there in April, 1721, put the inhabitants into great consternation and disorder. Dr. Mather, in compassion for the lives of the people, transcribed from the Phil. Trans. of the Royal Society, the accounts sent them by Dr. Timonius and Pyllarinus

of inoculating the small-pox in the Levant and sent them to the practitioners in town, for their consideration thereon. Upon reading of which I was very well pleased and resolved in my mind to try the experiment; well remembering the destruction the small-pox made nineteen years before, when last in Boston; and how narrowly I then escaped with my life. Now, when my wife and many others were gone out of town to avoid the distemper, and all hope given up of preventing the further spreading of it, and the guards were first removed from the doors of infected houses, I began the experiment; and not being able to make it on myself (such was my faith in the safety and success of this method) I chose to make it (for example sake) upon my own dear child and two of my servants."

The experiment was made, and though the result of it confirmed the belief of Dr. Boylston in the superiority of inoculated small-pox, "yet as the practice was new," says he, "and the clamour or rather rage of the people against it so violent, that I was put into a very great fright."

Notwithstanding, however, the success of his practice and the liberality with which it was conducted, particularly in the selection of his patients from his own family, the dangerous innovation, as it was denominated, produced a violent opposition in the whole "Esculapian tribe."

"They cavilled and said that Dr. Mather had not given a fair representation from Timonius and Pyllarinus's accounts. I prayed that they might be read; but Dr. Douglas, who owned them and had taken them from Dr. Mather, refused to have them read, or even afterwards to lend them to the governour to read."

"And upon July 21st. 1721, being a third time called to an account for using this practice.....I then gave a publick invitation to the practitioners of the town to visit my patients, who were under that practice, and to judge of and report their circumstances as they found them.....Instead of this and reporting their circumstances justly and fairly as it was their duty and the people's right, some of them made it their business to invent, collect, and publish idle, unjust, and ridiculous stories and misrepresentations of the people's circumstances under it and the practice."....

"These were some of the difficulties and oppositions I met with in the beginning of this practice."

The subsequent pages of this little work are almost entirely occupied in detailing the cases with which he was intrusted. Notwithstanding the opposition from the "Faculty," the obvious difference in the degrees of violence in the natural and inoculated small-pox, gradually enlarged the sphere of his practice, and at length it included all the villages in the neighbourhood of Boston.

The comparative merits of the natural and inoculated small-pox are very concisely stated by Dr. Boyleston from the previous ravages of the disease and the result of his improved practice.

"In the year 1721, and beginning of 1722, there were in Boston 5759 persons who had the small-pox in the natural way, out of which number died

844, (this account I took from one of our prints published by authority) so that the proportion that died of the natural small-pox there appears to be one in six, or between that of six and seven.

"The following table will shew the difference between the success of the natural small-pox and that of the inoculated in New England."

Their ages.	Persons inoculated.	Had a perfect small-pox by inoculation.	Had an imperfect small-pox.	Had no effect.	Suspected to have died of inoculation.
From nine months to 2 years old.	07	07	00	00	00
2 to 5	14	14	00	00	00
5 to 10	16	16	00	00	00
10 to 15	29	29	00	00	00
15 to 20	48	47	01	00	01
20 to 30	67	65	00	02	01
30 to 40	44	42	00	02	01
40 to 50	08	07	00	01	00
50 to 60	07	06	00	01	02
60 to 67	07	07	00	00	01
Total.	247	242	01	06	06
Inoculated by Doctors Roby and Thompson in Roxbury and Cambridge.	39	39	00	00	00
Total.	286	281	01	06	06

From this statement it appears, that the whole number inoculated was 286, of whom 281 had the disease, one had it imperfectly, six were not infected, and six died; hence says he the proportion that dies of inoculated small-pox may be one in forty six or thereabout.

The following curious document may be contrasted with the vote of the town in 1793:

"At a meeting by publick authority in the town-house of Boston, before his majesty's justices of the peace, and the selectmen; the practitioners of physick and surgery being called before them, concerning inoculation, agreed to the following conclusion:

A resolve upon a debate held by the physicians of Boston, concerning inoculating the small-pox on the twenty-first day of July, 1721.

It appears by numerous instances, that, it has proved the death of many persons soon after the operation, and brought distempers upon many others, which have in the end prov'd deadly to 'em.

UPON

That the natural tendency of infusing such malignant filth in the mass of blood is to corrupt and putrify it, and if there be not a sufficient discharge of that malignity by the place of incision, or elsewhere, it lays a foundation for many dangerous diseases.

That the operation tends to spread and continue the infection in a place longer, than it might otherwise be.

That the continuing the operation among us is likely to prove of most dangerous consequence."

To Dr. Boylston undoubtedly belongs the merit of introducing this salutary practice into New-England at a period, when it was considered, even in most countries of Europe, as a subject rather of speculation than of practical utility. It was so little known at that time in England, that Dr. Boylston was solicited by the Physicians of London to give a statement of the result of his experiments in Boston. The difficulties, which were opposed to its introduction here, can be estimated only from a view of the limited knowledge of the "Esculapian tribe" and the narrow opinions of the inhabitants. To inoculate with small-pox, was to expose oneself voluntarily to a disease loathsome in appearance, and fatal in its effects. Among the well informed it was thought rash and unjustifiable; among the superstitious, who at that period of our history constituted the largest portion of the community, death from this cause was considered as suicide, and as an obvious indication of divine displeasure. The physicians were illiberal, the people ignorant, and the interested or unjust exertions of the former were warmly supported by the religious zeal of the latter. A new mode of practice which could thus rise superiour to these obstacles carries with it the conviction of its merit. Fortunately for the world, the controversies on this subject have subsided, they are almost forgotten in the brilliant discovery of Jenner; and we may be allowed to anticipate the time when the small-pox is to be found only in our systems of nosology.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER I.

New-Haven, August 5th, 1809.

DEAR BROTHER,

Since writing to you a letter in which I stated my general views of the necessity and advantages of a new dictionary of our language, it has occurred to me that the opposition to the publication of such a work in this country, and to some books of mine already published, demands of me some further explanations. Under this opposition I have long been silent; and this silence has probably been considered by many persons as an evidence of the justness of the cause of my opposers; or at least, as a tacit acquiescence on my part. A principal reason for this silence however has been, an extreme reluctance on my part to enter into discussions which are generally considered as unentertaining to the mass of readers, and not very interesting even to men of letters.—Another reason has been the political state of the country, which has absorbed all considerations of minor interest.

But as my opposers have undoubtedly done me essential injury, I have to claim the indulgence of my fellow citizens, for offering through the medium of the press a short vindication of my principles and designs, against the objections which have, in various ways, been suggested.

In the first place, it has been objected, that I am attempting to *alter the English language*. This objection is unfounded; and it seems to have its origin in the opinion that Johnson, Lowth, and English writers of a like character have given us the *real language*, in its true orthography, and with a just explanation of its principles and idioms. This is a great error, of which the learned in Great Britain, as well as America will unquestionably be disabused.—I once entertained a similar opinion. Placing great confidence in the English authors, whose works are in most repute, I labored to make myself master of the language, and once thought that I had nearly accomplished my purpose. I now find this is a great mistake. I had indeed, made very familiar the whole catalogue of names, and could repeat *article*, *noun*, *adjective* and *verb*, as readily as most of my cotemporaries. But on further examination, I found that I had learnt names without understanding them, or names which do not describe the things intended—and it is a literal truth that it has cost me more time to *unlearn* "that which is naught," than it did to learn the common principles of philology.

Upon laying aside the works of the great Johnson, and Lowth, and mounting to the earliest records of our language, I found the distribution of the parts of speech to be altogether wrong. This led me to attempt a new classification of words, and a new nomenclature of the parts of speech; of which the Reviewers in the Anthology complain, calling in to their aid a dogma of Dr. Johnson.

But the authority of no man living can make that true which is false. It signifies nothing to teach a child that *an* is the *indefinite article*, because the proposition, as a general one, is *not true*; the word being used indifferently before definite or indefinite nouns. When we say, "*a* star adorns the heavens," we speak of any star indeterminately—but when we say "Venus is *a* more splendid star than Mars," we use a noun with *a*, in the most definite sense imaginable.

When we teach our children that *if*, *though*, *si*, and the Hebrew *am* are conjunctions, we teach them that which is not true; the words are *not* conjunctions, nor have they the remotest relation to that class of words. They are verbs—they have indeed lost their inflections, but they retain their signification; nor can they be easily and correctly explained without the use of equivalent verbs. A boy may, like a parrot, repeat his rules—"*if* is a conjunction—and a conjunction *connects sentences.*" But tell him to resolve this sentence—"*if* you ask, you will receive," and ask him how *if*, in this case, connects sentences; will he not feel himself confounded—or consider his understanding abused?

It may be said, and this is often said, that the present classification will answer the purpose—it *has* answered the purpose—it neither "picks our pockets nor breaks our legs"—our fathers have got along well enough with this arrangement—and so shall we and our children. This is the stale objection to every improvement—and it is urged with as much force by the rude savage who lives by hunting and fishing, against all improvements in agriculture, as it is, by the Reviewers in the Anthology, against a better system of grammar.

But the present systems of grammar do *not* answer the purpose of explaining language. Take the following example. The Greek word *oti* is called a conjunction, like *quia* in Latin, and *that* in English. In Matthew xvii. 13, we find this word correctly translated *that*. "Then the disciples understood *that* he spoke to them of John, the Baptist." Beza, in his Latin version, has given the sense, but with the use of the infinitive verb. But in a translation of Montanus, which accompanies the Greek text by Leusden, the verse is thus rendered, "Tunc intellexerunt discipuli, *quia* de Joanne Baptista dixit eis"—which in English, is—"Then the disciples understood, *because*, or *for that* he spoke to them of John, the Baptist;" and what sort of translation is this? This error occurs frequently in the same version of Montanus. The truth is neither *that* in English, nor *oti* in Greek, nor *quod* in Latin is ever a *conjunction*. Nor

are they in this, and the like cases, *pronouns;* they do not stand in *the place of nouns*, they are substitutes, or representatives of a *sentence*, *clause*, or *affirmation.* "The disciples understood"....What? Why *that* which follows, the fact stated in these words: "*he spoke to them of John, the Baptist.*" This is the true construction, and it cannot be explained by the usual rules of grammar.

In Romans viii. 20, 21, our translators have made a like mistake, rendering *oti* by *because*, and disjoining *hope* from the clause to which it belongs. The two verses, rendered according to the copy of Leusden, and the versions of Montanus and Beza, would stand thus:

20. "For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same;

21. "In hope *that* the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God."

These mistakes are entirely owing to the false or imperfect principles of our grammars, or the erroneous arrangement of the parts of speech. In my Philosophical and Practical Grammar, I have given a new distribution of words, with new explanations, supported by numerous authorities, with a view to correct errors of this kind.

This work has received a large portion of the censure which customarily marks American Reviews. Why are the editors of American publications bent on decrying every thing American? Do they treat publications from English presses with the same severity? When Murray published his Grammar, he introduced a series of tenses under the subjunctive mood; such as, *if thou loved*, *if thou had loved*, *if thou shall or will love*, to the amount of some pages; tenses which are certainly not English; which I presume were never inserted in a similar work before; and which the author himself, in his Syntax, Rule 19, condemned as bad English: yet he suffered these forms of the verb to run through the eighth edition, before he expunged them. Our American Reviewers were as passive as lambs under this outrage upon classical purity. We hear from them no censure....no alarms about innovation!

My Philosophical and Practical Grammar is highly approved in New York and New Jersey—it is used in some reputable colleges. How happens it that in the metropolis of New England, it meets with a different fate? Hear what that elegant classical scholar, President Smith, of Princeton, says on this subject. In a letter to me, dated July 31, 1807, he writes:

"I consider your Philosophical and Practical Grammar, as containing the *best analysis* of the language which has yet been given to the publick. It has happily improved the opening made many years since into that subject, by the ingenious Horne Tooke. I have often been surprised that his ideas have not been more highly appreciated than they seem to have been by English philologists. Your good judgment has made them the basis of your plan; and on that foundation, you have reared, in my opinion, a *more complete system of grammar, than any writer who has preceded you.*"

Is it probable that this gentleman has wholly mistaken the merit of my work? Or do Reviewers constitute the only legitimate *Board of Criticism* on this continent? It is desirable that scholars of candor should every where examine for themselves, and not rest their opinions on the decisions of Reviewers.

It can never be a matter of indifference in any art or science, whether we teach truth or falsehood. The usual classification of words does not comport with truth; it does not assign many words to the class to which they belong; it makes numerous contradictions between principles and practice; and leaves many words without a due explanation of their force and effect in sentences. I therefore have attempted to exhibit a better arrangement. Is this an alteration of the language? Is a new method or distribution of words a change of the language itself? Was any censure ever attached to Dr. Lowth for making a new distribution of verbs? Did any mortal ever think of blaming Linne for new classifications of plants and animals; or Latham for a new classification of birds? Is not the new nomenclature of chemistry far better than the old? Surely a science itself is not changed by the method of teaching it; and that method, which is the most simple, perspicuous, and most conformable to the truth of things, will always be the best.

N. WEBSTER.

HON. THOMAS DAWES, ESQ.

LETTER II.

New-Haven, August 5, 1809.

DEAR BROTHER,

I am charged with an attempt to innovate, by changing the orthography of words. To this charge I plead not guilty; for whatever my wishes may be, I yield them to the public sentiment. In the few instances in which I write words a little differently from the present usage, I do *not* innovate, but *reject innovation.* When I write *fether*, *lether*, and *mold*, I do nothing more than reduce the words to their original orthography, no other being used in our earliest English books. And when it is just as easy to be right as wrong, why will men object? I write *hainous*, because it is the true orthography from the French *haine*, *haineux;* and this was the manner of writing the word till within an age. The modern orthography is as vitious as it is perplexing. I write *cigar*, because it is an anglicized word from the Spanish *cigarro.* I write *melasses*, because it is the Italian *melassa*, from *mel*, honey, or the Greek *melas*, black. Is this innovation? When authorities are found on both sides of a question, the Lexicographer is at liberty to prefer that orthography which is most simple, or most etymological.

But when I see a difficult and unnatural orthography, which originated in mere mistake, and which converts a word into palpable nonsense, which is the case with the word *comptroller*, no consideration shall prevent me from correcting it in my own practice. Those who wish for an explanation of that word, will find it in the preface to my Compendious Dictionary.

But in the few alterations of this kind which I propose, I am guided by fixed principles of etymology, and endeavour only to call back the language to the purity of former times, supported by the authority of Newton, Camden, Lhuyd, Davenant, Pope, Thomson, Gregory, Edwards, and a host of other writers.

I do not write *publick*, *republick*, because the introduction of *k*, was originally, a useless innovation, wholly unknown to the primitive English, and because the prevailing practice in Great Britain and America, has revived the primitive etymological orthography, from *publicus*. I do not write *honour*, *candour*, *errour*, because they are neither French nor Latin. If we follow the French, the orthography ought to be *honeur*, *candeur*, *erreur*; if the Latin, as we ought, because they are Latin words, then we ought to write *honor*, &c. and this is now the best and most common usage.

In truth, there are some words whose orthography is unsettled, and the man who writes them in either manner for which he has authority, cannot be charged with deviating from any standard. This has ever been the case with the most eminent authors, and without a perfectly regular orthography, it must ever be the case.

But I am accused of introducing into my Dictionary *Americanism and vulgarisms.*

This is one of the most extraordinary charges which my opposers have ventured to suggest. I have indeed introduced into our vocabulary a few words, not used perhaps in Great Britain, or not in a like sense; such as *customable*, on the authority of a law of Massachusetts; *doomage*, on the authority of Dr. Belknap, and the laws of New-Hampshire; *fourfold*, as a verb, on the authority of the laws of Connecticut, and a century's usage; *decedent*, for deceased, on the authority of the laws of New-Jersey and Pennsylvania; and a few others, probably not twenty, noting them however as *local* terms. And is this an offense never to be forgiven? Such local terms exist, and will exist, in spite of lexicographers or critics. Is this *my* fault? And if local terms exist, why not explain them? Must they be left unexplained, because they are local? This very circumstance renders their insertion in a dictionary the more necessary; for as the faculty of Yale College have said in approbation of this part of my work, how are such words to be understood, without the aid of a dictionary?

But what have I done, that others have not done before me? Has not Johnson admitted *hog*, a sheep, and *tup*, a ram, upon the authority of local usage in England? Has he not insert-

ed many such words? And why does *he* escape the censure of our fastidious American critics? So far is he from being censurable for this admission, that his works would have had more value, if he had taken more pains to collect and explain local terms.

But I have admitted one or two cant words, such as *caucus*; and what are Johnson's *fishefy*, *jackalent*, *jiggumbob* and *foutre!!* Let the admirers of Johnson's dictionary be a little more critical in comparing his vocabulary, and mine; and blush for their illiberal treatment of me! Instead of *increasing* the list of vulgar terms, I have *reduced* it, by expunging *two thirds* of such words inserted by Johnson!! Any person who will have the patience and the candor, to compare my dictionary with others, will find that there is not a vocabulary of the English language extant, so free from *local*, *vulgar*, and *obscene words* as mine! It was most injudicious in Johnson to select Shakspeare, as one of his principal authorities. Play-writers in describing low scenes and vulgar characters, use low language, language unfit for decent company; and their ribaldry has corrupted our speech, as well as the public morals. I have made it a main point to reject words belonging to writings of this character, and shall proceed as far as propriety requires, in cleansing the Augean stable.

I have rejected also a great number of words introduced by a species of pedantry very common a century ago; such as *adjugate*, *abstrude*, *balbucinate*. Of this species, and other words not legitimate, between two and three thousand will be rejected. On the other hand, I have enriched the vocabulary with such words as *absorbable*, *accompaniment*, *acidulous*, *achromatic*, *adhesiveness*, *adjutancy*, *admissibility*, *advisory*, *amendable*, *animalize*, *aneurismal*, *antithetical*, *appellor*, *appreciate*, *appreciation*, *arborescent*, *arborization*, *ascertainable*, *bailee*, *bailment*, *indorser*, *indorsee*, *prescriptive*, *imprescriptible*, *statement*, *insubordination*, *expenditure*, *subsidize*, and other elegant and scientific terms, now used by the best writers in Great Britain and America. The number of these is not exactly known; but of the terms now well authorized, Johnson's dictionary is deficient in five or six thousand words, or about a seventh part of the English vocabulary.

But I will trouble you and the public no farther. Enough has been said to satisfy the candid and liberal; and more would not satisfy men of a different character.

N. WEBSTER.

THE HON. THOMAS DAWES, ESQ.

POSTCRIPT.

In the remarks prefixed to my letter in the Centinel of August 2, you mention that my omitting *a* in *read* (which by the way is a mistake) and in *breadth*, with a few similar peculiari-

ties, has probably had an effect in limiting the circulation of my *Elements of Useful Knowledge.* This may be true in Boston; but it is not true in all parts of the country, for the work is extensively used. For retrenching the *a* in *bredth*, I have however *royal authority;* and Massachusetts gentlemen should be the last to complain of that correction of error, for it is the orthography of the word in the original charter of the Colony. Hazard. Col. 1. 239, 240.

But I do not insist upon the correction. Men, who are fond of improvement, and desirous of correcting errors in every thing else, seem determined that no errors shall be corrected in language. No blunder, no irregularity, no absurdity, however enormous, in writing, if it has obtained a general currency, must now be disturbed! Not even a barbarism of the fourteenth century must now be violated by the unhallowed hand of reformation! Such is the spirit of critics, but such is not the sense of the community, nine tenths of whom would rejoice at a thorough reformation.

When a plain unlettered man asks why words are so irregularly written, that the *letters are no guide to the pronunciation*, and the noblest invention of man loses half its value; we may silence, tho not convince him, by saying, that such is the old practice, and we must not deviate from the practice of our grand fathers even when they have erred! But when I see such blunders as *comptroller* and *island* palmed upon a nation by the merest ignorance, I confess for myself I cannot repress my desire to correct them, as they disgrace the learning and criticism of the nation. See the preface to my Compendious Dictionary. A few such blunders I shall attempt to correct. The legislature of Connecticut have seen fit to adopt the correct orthography of *controller*, in their statutes, and I trust the example will be followed by others. But my proposed corrections are few, and my orthography differs from that of the English, not more than English authors differ from each other. The truth is a reformation of orthography might be made with few changes, and upon a plan so simple as not to require an hour's attention to be perfectly master of it; and it might be introduced in a tenth part of the time required to render general the practice of reckoning money by dollars and cents. But I shall not attempt it. If men choose to be perplexed with difficulties in language, which ordinary men are never able to surmount, I will not contend with them, by endeavoring to remove such difficulties against their will. N. W.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

WE are glad to afford Mr. Webster room to expound and defend his principles in our pages. Discussion will confirm truth, and his answer shall be as widely diffused as our censure. We afforded some encouragement to perseverance in his labours, though we thought he needed little; and so far from intending to do him "*essential injury*" by our observations, we hoped he might profit by them.

The answer that Mr. Webster makes to the objection "that he is attempting to alter the English language," though we did not make the charge in such general terms, is very loose and indefinite. In the first part he seems to deny, that our language is to be learned from "authors whose works are in most repute," and to appeal from the decision of "Johnson, Lowth, and English writers of a like character" upon "the *real language*," its "*true orthography*," and "explanation of its principles and idioms." But we soon find that he did not mean to be so bold, but has only mistaken the grammar of our language for the language itself; and of the grammar itself, that he will not so much quarrel with things as with names.

The example, by which it is shown that *a* is not the indefinite article, may be easily turned, we think, like an Indian auxiliary, against its employer. It has, in that sentence, "a reference to more." If Venus were the only star more splendid than Mars, our definite article would be used.

In the next paragraph Mr. Webster thinks he has confuted the notion, that some words, there mentioned, are conjunctions. The sentence, "if you ask, you will receive" is triumphantly brought out as the *crux criticorum*. Yet if the order of the members be changed, the rule will be applied without difficulty by the merest school-boy. "You will receive, if you ask." It was said formerly, "the nominative case comes *before* the verb." Now this is not literally, but only substantially true in an interrogative sentence, "am I a grammarian?" where the verb comes first. But this is no great discovery.

Of what follows, relating to the conjunction *that*, we shall say only, that we agree with Horne Tooke in his resolution and explication of such sentences, though we are perfectly indifferent about the nomenclature of Mr. Webster; nor do we believe that mistakes like that of Montanus necessarily result from the "false or imperfect principles of our grammars, or the erroneous arrangement of the parts of speech."

We feel no compunction from the gentle insinuation that "we are bent on decrying every thing American;" nor should we now take notice of it but that it allows us to remind the publick, that our duty requires more attention to native than to foreign productions, and to assure Mr. Webster, that what we think irregular shall never escape the knife because it is of domestick growth.

On the second letter we shall make no observations, because it is not in answer to any particular remarks of ours; but on the whole subject in controversy, we shall appeal with confidence to the Review of Mr. Webster's letter to Dr. Ramsay, in our fourth volume, page 670, and to the Review of his Grammar, in our fifth volume, page 267. What expectations we have of the great work of Mr. Webster may be understood from the Review of his Compendious Dictionary, which we hope to publish next month.

☞ The Poem of Mr. Head, delivered before the Society of Φ B K on their last anniversary, is promised for our next number.

INTELLIGENCE AND MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

FROM FRENCH PAPERS, TRANSLATED FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

PICTURESQUE TRAVELS IN GREECE.

M de Choiseul Gouffier was unwilling to leave in an imperfect state a work, by which he early announced his taste for the arts, his passion for the fine monuments of antiquity, the views of a statesman, and the talents of a distinguished writer. The first volume appeared in 1782. That was an epoch when the love of the sciences and enthusiasm for the arts possessed the most illustrious missionaries; it was a time too when the minds of all were greedy of illusion. One of the dreams which charmed Voltaire the most, in his old age, that of seeing Greece restored to a state of civilization of which she had been the cradle, seduced many who possessed a lively and brilliant imagination. In reading M. de Choiseul Gouffier, they believed this fine dream was realized; it seemed already as if Greece was going to be repeopled with her heroes, her philosophers, her artists, and her poets, in so lively a manner did this young author express his wishes and his hopes, so well did he know how to animate the august ashes, and raise up their great monuments from their ruins. Perhaps we are nearer now to this marvellous event. One prodigy more may revive all the ancient prodigies. But we do not need even this sort of interest to visit with veneration and love the sacred soil of Greece, under the conduct of so ingenious, so faithful and eloquent a guide as M. de Choiseul Gouffier. The first number of the second volume of which we shall give a particular account offers researches equally precious for history, for the arts, and for policy, in fine every thing which makes us feel the charms of truth added to the brilliant gifts of the imagination. This number contains 175 pages of the most beautiful folio text, and twelve plates engraved in the most perfect style. The two following numbers will complete the second, and form the third volume of this beautiful work. Each number costs sixty francs, and they will complete the description of Asiatick Greece, and the islands of the Archipelago. The fourth volume which will appear afterwards, and separate from the others, will give a description of Constantinople, the Bosphorus, Attica, Peloponnesus, and Macedonia.

His imperial majesty has granted a pension of six thousand francs to Mr. Luce de Lancival, author of the tragedy of Hector, and professor of literature at the Imperial Lyceum. The work of Mr. Luce draws crouds to the Theatre Français, and constantly enjoys the most brilliant success. *Le Publiciste.*

CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1809.

Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocria, sunt mala plura. *Mart.*

NEW WORKS.

Remarks on the Brunonian System, by James Jackson, A. A. S. and M. M. S. Boston; Thomas B. Wait and Co.

A Biographical Dictionary, containing a brief account of the first settlers, and other eminent characters among the magistrates, ministers, literary and worthy men, in New-England. By John Eliot, D. D. corresponding secretary of the Massachusetts historical society. These were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times. *Son of Syrach.* Cushing and Appleton, Salem; and Edward Oliver, No. 70, State-street, Boston.

Volume X. of the collections of the Massachusetts' Historical Society, 8vo. Boston; Munroe, Francis and Parker.

Correspondence of the late President Adams, No. 2. Boston; Everett and Munroe.

A Grammar of the Greek language, in which declensions of nouns and the conjugations of verbs are explained in their most simple forms, with the rules of contraction and the syntax and prosody complete, to which is subjoined an appendix by John Smith, S. T. D. professor of the learned languages at Dartmouth college. Boston; John West. 1809.

Part 1st of vol. IV. Massachusetts Reports. By D. A. Tyng, Esq. Reporter. Newburyport; E. Little and Co. 1809.

The 19th No. of the Massachusetts Baptist Missionary Magazine, containing a variety of interesting religious intelligence. Boston; Manning and Loring. 1809.

The Romance of the Pyrenees. By the author of Santo Sebastiano, in two volumes. Boston; Isaiah Thomas. 1809.

Christian Monitor, No. 11, containing seven Sermons on the education of children. Boston; Munroe, Francis and Parker. 1809.

American Law Journal, and Miscellaneous Repertory, No. 6. Vol. 2. By John E. Hall, esq. of Baltimore. Philadelphia; Farrand, Mallory and Co. 1809.

New York Medical and Philosophical Journal and Review, No. 2, for August, 1809. T. and J. Swords, printers

The Identity of Napoleon and Antichrist; completely demonstrated; or a commentary on the chapters of the Scripture which relate to Antichrist: where all the passages are shown to apply to Napoleon in the most striking manner; and where especially the prophetic number 666, is founded in his name, with perfect exactness, in two different manners. New York. 1809.

The Star in the East; A Sermon, preached in the Parish Church of St. James', Bristol, on Sunday, July 26, 1809, for the benefit of the "Society for missions to Africa and the East." By the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, L.L. D. from India. "For we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him." Matt. ii. 2. Philadelphia; Bradford & Inskeep.

Coelebs in Search of a Wife, comprehending Observations on Domestick Habits, and Manners, Religion, and Morals. From the second London edition. In two volumes. New York. 1809.

Bonaparte no Universal Monarch, and not proved to be favourably noticed in Prophecy. Boston; Hastings, Etheridge and Bliss. 1809.

Letters addressed to Clarinda, &c. never before published in America; with a choice Selection of Poems and Songs. By Robert Burns, the Scottish bard. To which is prefixed, a sketch of his Life and Character. Philadelphia; Jane Aitken. 1809.

NEW EDITIONS.

A Sermon preached July 22, 1807, at the funeral of the Rev. Alexander Macwhorter, D. D. senior pastor of the Presbyterian church in Newark, (N. J.) By Edward D. Griffin, A. M. surviving pastor of said church. Boston; C. Bingham. 1809.

The Mediator's Kingdom, not of this World, but Spiritual, Heavenly and Divine, Illustrated in remarks upon John xviii. 36. By an Inquirer. New York; Williams and Whiting. 1809.

Murray's Sequel to the English Reader. Boston; Lincoln and Edmands. 1809.

Letters from a late eminent Prelate to one of his Friends. Boston; Monroe, Francis and Parker. 1809.

The Child of Thirty-six Fathers, a Novel, translated from the French.

New Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Court of Common Pleas and other Courts, from Michaelmas Term, 46, Geo. III. 1805. to Trinity Term, 47, Geo. III. 1807—both inclusive. By John B. Bosanquet and Christopher Puller, Barrister at Law, vol. 5th. Boston; John West. 1809.

The Path to Riches. An inquiry into the origin and use of money, &c. By the late Governour Sullivan. Boston; C. Bingham.

The Minstrel; or, the Progress of Genius. By James Beattie, L.L.D. and the Shipwreck. By William Falconer, with a Sketch of the Life of the author. New York; Collins and Perkins. 1809.

The Speeches of John Philpot Curran, Esq. a new edition, with the addition of some celebrated Speeches, &c. New York; Robert M'Durmot. 1809.

Ronaldsha: a Romance, 2 vols. in 1. By Mrs. Doherty. New York; D. Longworth. 1809.

A Series of Letters on Religious Subjects, 3 vols. in 1. New York; Williams and Whiting. 1809.

A Treatise on Febrile Diseases. By Philip Wilson, M.D. F.R.S. Ed. Boston; Thomas and Andrews. 1809.

The eighth edition of the English Reader. By L. Murray. Boston; Joseph Larkin. 1809.

Orton's Discourses on secret family Worship, and Religious Observations on the Lord's Day. Boston; Manning & Loring. 1809.

Select Reviews, and Spirit of the Foreign Magazines, for August, 1809. Philadelphia; E. Bronson.

Self Knowledge; a treatise shewing the nature and benefit of that important Science, and the way to obtain it. By John Mason. Boston; Farrand, Mallory & Co. 1809.

A dissertation on the Mineral Waters of Saratoga. Second edition, enlarged, including an Account of the Waters of Ballstown, embellished with a Map of the surrounding country, and a view of the Rock Spring at Saratoga. To which are added, Considerations upon the Use of the Mineral Waters, as prepared in this City, both as a Remedy in Disease, and an ordinary Drink. By Valentine Seamen, M. D. one of the Surgeons of the New York Hospital. New York; Collins & Perkins. 1809.

WORKS PROPOSED AND IN PRESS.

T. B. Wait & Co. Boston, propose to publish, The Philosophy of Rhetorick. By George Campbell, D.D. F.R.S. Edin. principal of the Marischal College, Aberdeen. 'Certo sciant homines, artes inveniendi solidas et veras adolescere et incrementa sumere cum ipsis inventis.' *Bac. De Augm. Scient.*

l. v. c. 3. A new edition, with the author's last additions and corrections. In two volumes.

T. B. Wait & Co. Boston, have in the press, The works of Mrs. Chapone: now first collected. Containing, I. Letters on the improvement of the mind. II. Miscellanies. III. Correspondence with Mr. Richardson IV. Letters to Mrs. Carter. V. Fugitive pieces. To which is prefixed, An account of her Life and Character, drawn up by her own Family. In 4 vols.

T. B. Wait & Co. Boston, have in the press, Rules and Regulations for the Field Exercise and Manoeuvres of the French Infantry, issued August 1, 1791. Abridged. And all the manoeuvres added, which have been since adopted by the emperour Napolean. In two volumes. The second volume to consist of thirty-six plates.

T. B. Wait & Co. Boston, have in the press, Lectures on Systematick Theology and Pulpit Eloquence. By the late George Campbell, DD. F.R.S. Ed. Principal of Marischal college, Aberdeen.

Mathew Carey, Philadelphia, is preparing to publish Wilkinson's Royal Quarto General Atlas, with considerable additions and improvements.

Samuel T. Armstrong, of Charlestown, proposes to publish the Sermons of Dr. Watts.

Monroe, Francis and Parker of Boston, propose to publish a complete edition of the British Essayists, with prefaces, Historical and Biographical. By Alexander Chalmers, A. M.

Farrand, Mallory & Co. Boston, have in the press, The Scripture Doctrine of the Atonement examined, by John Taylor of Norwich. To which is added, candid remarks upon Mr. Taylor's Discourse, entitled Scripture Doctrine, &c. By George Hampton. M. A.

Thomas and Whipple, Newburyport, have in the press, A Compendious System of Universal Geography, designed for schools. Compiled from the latest and most distinguished European and American travellers, voyagers, and geopraphers. By Elijah Parish, D. D. minister of Byfield, Massachusetts. The second edition, with many improvements.

Thomas and Whipple, Newburyport, have in the press, The Military Companion; being a System of Company Discipline, founded on the Regulations of Baron Steuben, late Major General and Inspector General of the Army of the United States. Containing the Manual Exercise, Facings, Steps, Turnings, Wheelings, Miscellaneous Evolutions, and Firings. Together with the Duty of Officers and Privates. Designed for the use of the Militia. Third improved edition, ornamented with handsome Copper Plates of Company Evolutions.